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Original Poetry.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Indian's Farewell.

Not a drop of Logan's blood circulates in the veins of any one living!
Who shall care for Logan?—not one!—*Logan's Speech.*

He was an aged man!
Upon his brow, the sternness of his tribe,
Was written in strong characters;—his face
Was deeply furrowed by the hand of time.
Oft in the forest gloom of his own land,
His voice had echoed in the battle-shout,
And he had looked, nor shed a tear of grief,
On friends that war had slaughtered by his side.
His manly head had never bowed to shame—
His cheek had never felt its burning glow.
Amid the desert wilds had been his home,
The warriors of his tribe had been his friends,
His God—the "Mighty Spirit," whom he feared.
He quenched his thirst at the pure mountain-stream,
And the loud music that he loved to hear,
Came in the tempest's voice—the thunder's roar.
The sacred mound, where slept his father's dust,
Was unto him a consecrated spot,
Not to be trodden by unhallowed feet.
He looked upon it with a silent awe,
And thought to journey to the "Spirit Land"
From the same place, when he was called to go.
News came that he must leave his forest home,
And seek another in the western wilds.
The white man's step was near him, and his eye
Gleaming with avarice, turned on the home
Of the poor forest child. He heard his fate,
In silent, speechless grief—he had no words
To plead for mercy at the white man's feet,
But bending o'er his bow above the tomb
Where slept his sire, he spoke his last farewell.

"Sleep on my noble sire in this still mound!
Thy rest as yet is undisturbed and deep—
Sleep! for thy tomb is placed on hallowed ground,
Those eyes are closed, and can no longer weep;
Rest aged warrior in thy grassy tomb,
Here is our forest home.

"Ah! I have seen thee in the battle's storm,
Stand up unyielding like the forest oak,
And meaner warriors gaze upon thy form,
While thy strong arm dealt round the deadly stroke!
Thy voice was like the thunder's awful roar,—
But now 'tis heard no more.

"For thou hast journeyed to the "Spirit Land,"
Where there are sunny skies, and mountains high,
And flow'ry vales where the great warrior band,
Rest on the banks where silver streams roll by,
Or with untiring feet pursue the deer
That bound with freedom there.

"'And I the last of all my tribe am left'
To hear this fate, and leave my home alone,
Of all I love in this fair land bereft,
Of friends and kindred there remaineth none
To take my hand, and speak a friendly word—
No, not a voice is heard.

"They all have passed away! their song no more
Echoes along the hills—their fires are fled,
Their loud, wild shout of victory is o'er,
And they are sleeping with the silent dead.
But they are dwelling in the "Spirit Land,"
Freed from the white man's hand.

"And I shall stand by this lone mound no more!
I must depart, far from this sacred spot,
None will be left my absence to deplore,
Yet think not that thy grave, shall be forgot.
While life shall linger this sweet house shall be
Treasured in memory.

"Sleep on my sire! long years have passed away
Since thou wast laid to rest within this tomb;
None told thee that there was a coming day
When thy last son should leave his forest home,
And when he should be left a *leafless bough*
Even as I am now.

"Sleep on! and yet it grieves me to depart,
For I had hoped to lay me by thy side;
But though it tear the fibres of my heart,
Yet will I nerve my soul with that stern pride
Which bids us look and smile upon our fate,
Though we are desolate.

"But I will meet thee soon in that far home,
Where death no more shall dim the warrior's eye,
Where the unfading flowers for ever bloom,
And not a cloud obscures the clear blue sky.
There will I come, and see thy face once more,
Upon a happier shore.

"Farewell! a last farewell!—I may not stay
Gazing in silence on this silent mound.
Peace be with thee when I am far away,
Ah! soon the white man's step shall press the ground
Where thou art resting, but this sacred spot
Shall never be forgot."

He spoke no more, but with a speechless grief
He gazed a moment on that silent spot,
Then turned away with calm, determined look,—
"A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear."

The Far West, 1842. LARA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Wounded Heart.

I saw her in her hour of sadness
A lofty spirit, bowed to dust,—
Gone was her glance of hope and gladness;
Forever gone, her souls deep trust
I watched her with an aching heart,
For ah! she was most dear to me,
In all her ills, I claimed a part—
But this, her own unshared must be.

A sudden pang her bosom wrung,
A flush passed o'er her marble brow,
The tear, that on her eyelid hung,
Dropped slowly, all unheeded now;—
She lifts from earth her drooping eyes,
And starts, to mark my look of grief;
With noble courage checks the sighs
That breathed might give her heart relief.

Ah! could even he whose cruel words,
Now pierce the truest heart on earth,
Have known the fine and trembling chords,
That gave to woman's love, its worth,
He would have shrunk, nor dared to wake
With rude and tyrant hands, the string
That jarred, such bitter discord make,
And life drops from the bosom wring.

Yet she has woman's truest pride,
To screen the wound she cannot heal,
Her broken heart from all to hide,
And feel, yet never seem to feel;
Time will pass on, and she will seem
The brightest in our happy home,
But from her heart has passed the dream
Her trust in earthly truth is gone.

A doubt has shadow'd life, and ne er
Again, its dimness will depart,
She gives with sickening pangs of fear,
To earthly cares her thoughts and heart.
But well for her, hope, faith, and trust—
In holy things her griefs have given,
And truth she finds, where still it must—
Be found by all who seek;—in Heaven. LAON.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Cloud.

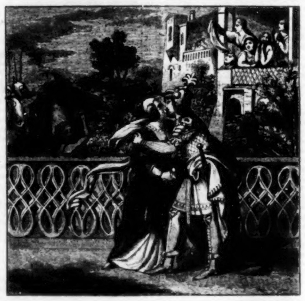
The fairest eve of all the year,
Spreads out its beauties to the eye!
Ah! who would shed a single tear,
Or let intrude the slightest sigh,
To mar our dreams of happiness
On such a heav'nly night as this!

The ravished eye may soar afar,
Nor meet a cloud to stay its flight:—
Yet one, near yonder evening star
One little cloud appears, and bright;
Touched by the sun's last dying ray,—
'T is some ethereal wand'ring fay.

And this, the only earthly spot,
That dims the starry vault above,
Seems fading slow, nor long will blot
That curtain pure, that now like love
From Heav'n, spreads out its silent wing
O'er lofty and o'er lowly thing!

That little cloud—where is it now!—
Fled like the hope that hovers o'er
The couch of death, when loved ones bow
Beneath the tyrant's arm; no more
We gaze upon its fairy form.—
Ha! was it messenger of storm? A. J. A.

THE CID CAMPEADOR.



PARTING FROM DONNA XIMENA.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Cid Campeador.

The human mind ever eager in the pursuit of facts upon which to build its mental structures, is often hindered in its progress by circumstances of apparently small importance. And when it attempts to fathom the waters of oblivion, in whose unlighted depths such a store of the actions of man are buried, it signally fails, and in its retreat supplies the place of truth by fiction. Nor is this strange. Fiction when it is supported by a shadow of reality, is far more pleasing to the majority of our species than the reality alone. The Greeks are a striking instance of this fact. That there was a crusade of the Greeks against Troy is generally acknowledged; that there was among its leaders such a warrior as Achilles is also granted. This was about all the truth that remained. But the hand of the poet then took up the subject, and gave to truth that splendid garb of fancy which she wears in the Iliad. England had in like manner her King Arthur, and Spain her Cid Campeador.* We do not by any means intend to intimate that the history of the Cid is so fabulous as that of Achilles or Arthur, for such is not the case. But still around his history such a veil of romance is thrown, that we scarcely can depend upon any of it with confidence. Those facts, or which are most commonly received as such, we will briefly detail.

Don Rodrigo Diaz was born at Burgos in Castile, about the middle of the eleventh century. Ferdinand I. king of Leon, Gallicia, and Castile, died in 1065, leaving five children, Sancho, Alfonso, Garcia, and two daughters, Urraca and Elvira. By his will Sancho became king of Castile, Alfonso of Leon, and Garcia of Gallicia, while the two Infantas received as their portion, Toro and Zamora. The result of such a division might have been apparent to a much less sagacious mind than that of Ferdinand: yet guided by his affection he could not forbear letting each of his children taste of royalty. In a very short time Sancho had dethroned his brother Alfonso. In 1065, Rodrigo Diaz having lost his father, was committed to Sancho's charge, to be educated for a military life; and in a very few years, by a succession of daring and astonishing exploits became the highest officer of Sancho's forces. At this period the king commenced his attack upon his brother Alfonso, and being the greatest commander of his time, and leading one of the best armies, Alfonso was defeated in several well contested fights. But gifted with a large share of perseverance, and eager for vengeance, he again raised an army and encountered Sancho at Carrion. The Castilians unable to withstand the impetuosity and suddenness of the attack, were routed on all sides. But one of their number did not despair. Young Diaz hastened to advise the king to collect his flying troops, and by attacking the victors while unprepared for such a movement, to regain the lost honors of the day. The counsel was adopted, and in a short time Sancho defeated his brother, banished him to the Moorish city of Toledo, and was left in quiet possession of Leon.

Discord in Gallicia rendered it an easy acquisition to the conqueror of Leon. His brother Garcia, by an unjust system of taxation, had totally estranged all parties of the state from his interest: and when the Castilian troops entered his dominions, he was forced to fly into Portugal. With the few forces, however, that remained true to him, and with others who were daily flocking to his standard, he determined to await his brother at Santarem; and accordingly, the hostile armies met there, and a fierce battle was the result. The army of Garcia, actuated by every feeling that love of country can excite, fought desperately, and it was not long, ere the division of the king was defeated and the king himself a prisoner. Garcia overjoyed with his success, immediately set out to pursue the flying troops, leaving his captive in the hands of a detachment on the field. The troops of the Cid were still unbroken, and taking advantage of Garcia's departure, he attacked his remaining division, and setting Sancho at liberty, proceeded in search of Garcia. Unprepared for such a reverse, the latter fought with desperate bravery, but unable to recover his success, was defeated, taken and sent prisoner to the castle of Luna, while Sancho was proclaimed king of Gallicia.

But the blackest part of that ambitious career was yet to come. Although sovereign of Castile, Leon and Gallicia, he was resolved to tear away from his sisters their meagre portions. He was soon master of Toro, and was laying seige to Zamora, when death interfered and defeated the conqueror. While before that city, a pretended deserter from the enemy, entered the camp, and under pretence of showing an unguarded part of the fortifications to the king, led him away from his attendants, and slew him with a javelin. Of course the result was the immediate abandonment of the seige; the Gallicians and Leonese disbanding, leaving the Castilians to bury their king.

Alfonso upon receiving intelligence of the king's death immediately left Toledo, and proceeding to Gallicia, was crowned king there notwithstanding his brother's right. Then taking possession of Leon, he began to conciliate the Castilians, who attributed to him the murder of their king. They insisted upon his taking a solemn oath that he had had no part in that transaction; and as he consented to take the oath, it was necessary to find some one of high rank to administer it. The nobility were fearful of incurring their future king's displeasure, and no one had courage enough to perform the office, save Don Rodrigo Diaz. He performed the task at Burgos, in 1072.

Although there was no immediate display of ill feeling on the part of the king towards Rodrigo, the feeling of hatred was deeply seated in his breast. Yet Rodrigo was apparently the king's greatest favorite, executing all his edicts, disposing of all his offices, and acting as his champion on all occasions. At this period the Moorish king of Seville who paid tribute to Alfonso, was attacked by the king of Granada. Rodrigo warned the latter against attacking one of his sovereign's allies; but notwithstanding this they ravaged the country, and were retiring with their booty and prisoners, when Don Rodrigo, who was in Seville put himself at the head of a body of troops, sallied out, attacked and routed the invaders, at Cabia. Upon returning to Seville presents were showered upon him by the king, and he returned home loaded with riches and honor.

At this time the king was obliged to undertake an expedition into Andalusia to quell an insurrection there, Rodrigo being unable to accompany him from illness. The Moors taking advantage of these circumstances entered Castile sacking and plundering in all directions. Ill as he was, the Cid raised a few troops, attacked them, and returned home [illegible] and 7000 prisoners.

Alfonso hearing of this success felt all his old enmity aroused by jealousy, and resolving by some means to rid himself of his proud subject he accused him of having entered the dominions of his ally the king of Toledo, and without waiting for any defence banished him and his family from his states.

Rodrigo yielded to the storm and retired to Barcelona.

It would be almost useless and tiresome to follow Rodrigo Diaz through the remainder of his adventurous life. It resembles more that of a Guerilla chief than of an independent lord. Sometimes engaged against some petty of the Moorish kings, sometimes fighting for them.

In 1088 he returned to Castile, where he was received with joy both by king and people.

The former conferred upon him the privilege of holding in his own right whatever territories he might conquer. But this did not last long. In an expedition against the Moors of Andalusia the king desired Rodrigo to meet him at Vellena with his forces to aid him. But through some misunderstanding the junction was not effected; and the king returned from his expedition very much dissatisfied with the Cid. The numerous enemies of the latter at court contrived to increase the king's anger, and Rodrigo was again banished the kingdom.

While in favor with Alfonso, the Cid had made many enemies, and among these was Berenger, Count of Barcelona. Receiving intelligence of his banishment, Berenger resolved to attack his little army, and raising a large number of troops he advanced to meet him near Denia. The army of the Cid was well posted on the side of a hill, and awaited calmly the approach of their powerful enemy. Berenger, though his force was four times as numerous as the Cid's, endeavored by insulting messages and challenges, to draw the Cid from his position. But not succeeding in his object he commenced his onset early one misty morning. The Cid was prepared and after a long battle, the count's army was routed, himself with 5000 of his officers and men made prisoners, while all his baggage and camp equipage were in his enemy's hands. The ransom of his captives being arranged the Cid proceeded to invest Liria.

While before Liria he ascertained that the king Alfonso was about to enter Granada, to attack the Moors of that kingdom, who were in rebellion. Hoping that he might once more conciliate the king, he sent to desire permission to join the expedition. Leave being granted, Rodrigo came up with the king near Cordova. But it was in vain for the Cid to strive to regain his sovereign's favor. Brave, talented, and benevolent as Alfonso has always been considered, he could never be reconciled to Don Rodrigo Diaz. On this occasion the Cid was treated most ungenerously and insultingly; and fearful for his life he left the camp at night with his followers.

With what remained of his little band he now determined to establish himself at Pinnacatel in the kingdom of Valencia. He repaired the fortifications, and having placed a strong garrison in it he began to make preparations for invading the territories of Don Garcia Ordonez, the second man in Castile in riches and power, and the Cid's most implacable enemy. The king had assigned to him the government of the district of La Rioja, and in 1094, the Cid entered that district, ravaging, burning, and destroying. Don Garcia seeing himself nearly stripped of his government, raised some troops, but he had no sooner approached the Cid, than his whole band took to flight in a great panic.

Having satisfied his vengeance, he next resolved to possess himself of the city of Valencia, which had lately been taken by a fresh tribe of Moors from Africa. The country around the city was laid waste and the lines thrown up, and the leaguer commenced. After a most distressing siege which lasted nine months, the place surrendered, and Don Rodrigo Diaz was lord of Valencia. And now after a long life of continued action, our hero began to exhibit as much skill in legislation as he had heretofore shown in the field. With the exception of a few skirmishes with the Moors, the Cid Campeador passed the remainder of his life in quiet. His death took place in 1099.

Such is the authentic history of the Cid, on the authority of his countryman Quintana. His romantic history is quite a different affair. This must be sought in those old heroic songs, which the German critic, Schlegel, very justly considers the most valuable, as it undoubtedly is the most national portion of the Spanish literature. Lockhart's translation has familiarized English and American readers with some of the best of these national ballads; and in these the Cid figures as the leading hero. His lady, the Donna Ximena, his sword, his very horse, Bavieca, all are immortalized in song. Indeed, in some of the ballads, Bavieca takes the leading part; and if half that is said and sung of him be true, Bucephalus is entirely eclipsed by his wonderful virtues and prowess.

Nor is the romantic fame of the Cid confined to his native country. Corneille owes much of his celebrity to a fortunate adaptation of his adventures to dramatic effect; and Herder has wrought all the adventures of Ruy Diaz recorded in the Spanish ballads into one grand heroic poem. It is from a splendidly illustrated edition of this poem recently published in Germany, that we have selected the illustration placed at the head of this article, representing the Cid taking leave of his lady on setting out upon one of his expeditions.

Among English writers, none appears to have been so sensible of the high poetic and romantic capabilities of the Cid's career as Mrs. Hemans, and some of the most successful efforts of her muse are consecrated to this glowing theme.

We subjoin one specimen of Lockhart's Spanish Ballads celebrating the singular courtship of the Cid. It preserves much of the simple majesty and stately air which mark the national character and poetry of Spain in the olden time.

The Cid's Courtship.

Now, of Rodrigo de Bivar great was the fame that run,
How he. five kings had vanquished, proud Moormen every one;
And how, when they consented to hold of him their ground,
He freed them from the prison wherein they had been bound.

To the good King Fernando, in Burgos where he lay,
Came then Ximena Gomez, and thus to him did say:—
"I am Don Gomez' daughter, in Gormaz Count was he;
Him slew Rodrigo of Bivar in battle valiantly.

"Now am I come before you, this day a boon to crave,—
And it is, that I to husband may this Rodrigo have;
Grant this, and I shall hold me a happy damosell,
Much honoured shall I hold me,—I shall be married well.

"I know he's born for thriving, none like him in the land;
I know that none in battle against his spear may stand;
Forgiveness is well pleasing in God our Saviour's view,
And I forgive him freely, for that my sire he slew."—

Right pleasing to Fernando was the thing she did propose;
He writes his letter swiftly, and forth his foot-page goes;
I wot, when young Rodrigo saw how the King did write,
He leaped on Bavieca,—I wot his leap was light.

With his own troop of true men forthwith he took the way,
Three hundred friends and kinsmen, all gently born were they;
All in one color mantled, in armour gleaming gay,
New were both scarf and scabbard, when they went forth that day.

The King came out to meet him, with words of hearty cheer;
Quoth he, "My good Rodrigo, right welcome art thou here;
This girl Ximena Gomez, would have thee for her lord,
Already for the slaughter her grace she doth accord.

"I pray thee be consenting, my gladness will be great;
Thou shalt have lands in plenty, to strengthen thine estate."
"Lord King," Rodrigo answers, "in this and all beside,
Command, and I'll obey thee. The girl shall be my bride!"

But when the fair Ximena came forth to plight her hand,
Rodrigo gazing on her, his face could not command:
He stood and blushed before her;—thus at the last said he:
"I slew thy sire, Ximena, but not in villany:

"In no disguise I slew him,—man against man I stood;
There was some wrong between us, and I did shed his blood.
I slew a man, I owe a man; fair lady by God's grace!
An honoured husband thou shalt have in thy dead father's place."

Original Tales.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Marion Somerville;

Or Secret Charity.

A short distance from our beautiful city, may be seen a large and splendid mansion surrounded by carpets of living green, from which spring flowers of ever-varying hues bathing the atmosphere around with fragrance. The aged oak and drooping willow cast a deep shade over the lofty collonade, serpentine walks shoot through thick foliage, and are adorned with the rainbow tints of a endless variety of summer flowers. Numerous trees are bending with the weight of delicious fruit. The flowing fountain and chiselled statuary that are exhibited in this romantic spot, tell us that it is an abode of luxury—an abode so completely secluded from the noisy bustle of the world, that poverty and want must be a stranger to its sequestered walks.

The owner and occupant of this beautiful country seat is John Mellnotte, a retired merchant, and a widower without a family. He was esteemed immensely wealthy. His time was spent in cultivating his garden, in reading from his extensive library, in riding about among the distressed and needy, and opening his fountain of wealth in their behalf. There was one peculiar trait in his character known only to those who had been relieved by his munificence, and that was a disposition never "to let his right hand know what his left hand doeth," and all who were relieved by his bounty were strictly charged to keep within their own bosoms, the secret from whence their happiness emanated. His heart and purse were ever open without making any show of his philanthropy. So extensive was his aid among his suffering fellow creatures, that he gained the respect and love of all who lived within the sphere of his acquaintance.

In one of our fashionable streets, in a neat though not splendid mansion, sat upon a lounge, inclining his aching head upon his hand, an aged man, dressed in a plain suit, and apparently suffering the keenest anguish. He had in vain attempted to read a book by his side, but the topic which was uppermost in his thoughts, would allow of no soothing balm to the violent emotions which were heaving within his breast.

By his side sat his daughter, Marion Somerville, a beautiful girl of eighteen. Her black glossy hair was parted over a forehead of marble whiteness, and her calm black eyes beamed from a face radiant with lovely smiles. Mr. Somerville had spared no expense in the cultivation of her mind, and although averse to what his sect generally consider the gaieties and frivolities of life, she was left her own judge of the simplicity of her dress, and in music and dancing had few superiors—retaining a sufficiency of the "quaker," however, in her calm, placid countenance, which was a true index of her amiable disposition.

She had been accustomed since her fond mother's death to take the entire charge of the household affairs, as well as to assist her father in the examination of his private accounts.

She had just finished footing up an account which her father had given her to examine, and was perfectly ignorant of the object of the paper, her knowledge only extending to the figures, without ascertaining their true meaning.

Mr. Somerville had once been esteemed quite wealthy, but the great depression in property had reduced his possessions to little or nothing, and, although in active business, he was determined at once to know the real state of his affairs. His confidential clerk had made off a balance sheet, showing the amount of his assetts and liabilities, when he found his affairs were in a worse condition than he expected. He could scarcely believe the statement correct, and had entrusted it to the examination of Marion before he resolved what course he should pursue.

Frank Vernon was the acknowledged lover of Marion Somerville. Her attachment to him was firm and increasing, like the ivy that clings around the oak. He had long been in the employ of Mr. Somerville, as a clerk, and had times been prosperous, would soon have been admitted a partner in the business. His attentions to Marion were encouraged by her father, as he had every confidence in his integrity, and capacity for business, and uniting with those qualifications, bland manners, and an intelligent mind, no doubts could exist of their promises for a happy union.

But alas! for the frailty of all worldly hopes! How true it is that we "know not what a day may bring forth!" and how often do we see that "riches take wings and fly away!" How hard too in the evening of life when the locks are all silvered with age, and the sands of life nearly run out, to look back upon the cheerless track, and find our possessions swept away by the winds of time, and a hollow blank to surround our path on the verge of the grave. To aspire for wealth at all hazards is one thing—to aspire to be honest, and do justice to all, is another. The latter course is the one Mr. Somerville had pursued, but an inscrutable Providence had so ordered it that he found he was now reduced to insolvency.

As Marion handed her father the fatal balance sheet which told too plainly his destitute condition, his quivering lips, and pale countenance told of the struggling emotions he was trying to overcome.

"I find it all correct, father," she said with a sweet smile.

"Then God only knows," he replied "what will become of my dear daughter."

"But why fear for me?" asked the anxious daughter, "are ye unwell? speak father." She took his cold hand in her own as he turned away his head, and with an imploring look begged to know the cause of this change. He replied, after making several attempts to speak.

"The mysterious designs of Providence, have reduced me from the little I once thought I possessed to utter insolvency. I am unable to pay my just debts. The whirlwind of speculation has swept every thing from me, and——" looking at Marion, as the pearly tears were glistening in her dark eyes, he continued, as he drew her close to his bosom. "Oh, no! *thou* art still left me."

"But dear father is there no hope! No possibility of an error?"

"Alas! there is none. I am a desolate wreck—left in my old age without a farthing to comfort my downward path to the grave—with nought but an honest name, and I know not how soon that will be stolen from me, for persecution and poverty go hand in hand, as surely as darkness succeeds the light of day," and covering his face with the palm of his hands he wept bitterly.

"Oh, do not weep dear father, we have health left us yet, and what if we are poor, it is no disgrace to be poor—we are not alone in the world—you have friends, I'm sure, and although we must dispense with the house furniture—and all. I know I could be happy with you, anywhere."

"Sweet consolation!—thou art indeed lovely!" muttered the distracted parent, "but you cannot have me with you always—I feel that my course is very near run."

Their interview was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Meredith, one of the largest creditors, who was fearful of a crash, and had called to secure his claim. Marion observing that he had business with her father, thought best to retire to her own room, where she gave vent to her feelings in a flood of tears.

Mr. Somerville's principles would not allow him to make any preferences, and he agreed to assign all of his property into Mr. Meredith's hands for the equal benefit of his creditors. Mr. Meredith felt confident they would sign his release, with the exception of Mr. Sharp, who was noted for his cruelty in pressing claims. Nothing could induce him to release any creditor, however honest he might suppose him, for he acted under the expectation of getting the whole amount of his claim, after all of the other creditors had settled. This course he would assuredly pursue now, particularly as some time before, [illegible] him, and Mr. Somerville, and it was feared Mr. Sharp would take the opportunity to indulge his resentment.

A few days after, a meeting of Mr. Somerville's creditors was called, and having discussed the subject in all of its bearings, every man signed his release with the exception of Mr. Sharp, who was not present. No notice, however, was taken of his absence.

Mr. Sharp did not press the immediate settlement of his claim, but as soon as he found Mr. Somerville had given up every thing he possessed—he found ample opportunity to gratify the longing resentment which he thought more of than of the actual settlement of his claim.

Mr. Somerville's house and furniture were disposed of at auction, except the necessary furniture which the law allows, and no sooner had the proceeds been divided among those creditors who signed the release, than Mr. Sharp saw fit to sue him for the amount. Mr. Somerville could easily have evaded any further trouble, by filing a bond to take the benefit of the insolvent laws, but his principles would not admit of such a course, and at the expiration of the legal time he suffered his body to be taken to the debtors apartment of the city jail. Mr. Somerville was so conscious of his honesty, that he had no doubt by pursuing such a course he could convince any reasonable man, of his poverty, and confidently anticipated a release in two or three days. He had friends who would willingly liquidate his claim rather than see a feeble old man torn from his home, and incarcerated in jail to gratify the vicious desire of a brutal debtor, but he kept the secret within his own bosom, and none but the officers of justice, and the malicious persecutor, knew where he was. On parting from his daughter, as he imprinted a kiss upon her pale brow, he told her his business required him to be absent for a few days, leaving her in entire ignorance of his agonizing situation.

As the cloud of adversity lowered around them, the affection between Frank and Marion was increased like the calm light of a summer morning that steals over the dark horizon. They were inseparable from morn to night, (save during the little time Frank devoted to settling up the business) and each day appeared to forge still firmer the links in the chain which was destined to unite them for life.

With all the candor and uprightness in his character, there might at times appear to eyes not blended with love, a hidden mystery which time had not revealed. It appeared as if there was behind his open countenance a deep thoughtful purpose manifested, which only those who were intimate with him could comprehend, and yet the long services he had rendered Mr. Somerville, was proof to his mind that his true character was fully developed.

Marion had determined immediately on hearing of her father's failure to put forth her best energies in their support, and as her education was complete, she resolved upon opening a school whereby she hoped to accomplish her purpose. In the teaching of music she had no doubt she should meet with success. She very well knew that Frank's situation would barely support herself, without her aged parent, and she still encouraged him to persevere in his efforts, in the hope of better times. To one who had been accustomed to the luxuries of life, surrounded by sincere friends, with a complete education, and no cloud to mar her happiness, it was hard to enter upon new duties so opposite and so trying. She determined before her father's return from the country, where she supposed he had gone, to gratify him with her well laid plans on his return.

It was one of those beautiful calm summer mornings, when the smiling face of nature tended to elevate the feelings, and drown all sorrow, when the sweet songs of birds, arose in melodious accents upon the air, and no clouds appeared to dampen the ardor of her spirits,—that Marion Somerville might have been seen on her way toward the beautiful country seat of John Melnotte. It was her first step toward her new profession, when she ardently hoped to support herself and aged father by those talents with which God had endowed her, and which in more prosperous times her father had spared no pains to cultivate. The learning and philanthropy of Mr. Melnotte had attracted her serious attention—and her object was to secure his reference for her capability in her new profession. This was not her first visit, as she had been there with her father in her brighter days.

As she approached his beautiful mansion, how were her feelings changed. A few short weeks before, she was an idol and pet, and with fawn-like step might be seen wending her way through the splendid garden with an airy grace, that could not but secure her a warm and heartfelt reception. Now, she too plainly felt the meanness of her lot—and her humiliating condition; but filial affection and dire necessity, operated to overcome all pride—and nerved her confidence as she was introduced into the presence of Mr. Mellnotte. She discovered no difference in his manners—the same benevolent smile, continued to play upon his countenance,—and she was agreeably surprised at the great pleasure he manifested to see her.

Mr. Mellnotte had, on the previous day in his accustomed morning ride on a mission of charity, accidentally visited the prison,—and though he saw none of the inmates, was astonished to hear from the Jailor, of the confinement of his old friend Mr. Somerville. He would have parted with one half of his possessions rather than sumbit to so gross an outrage upon humanity,—and, as he left the spot, he was lost in amazement, at so singular a circumstance; his first idea was to deviate from his general rule—give vent at once to his enraged feelings—and unbar the prison door, at his own expense, but deliberation was a prominent trait in his character, and he went home with feelings of the deepest sorrow, to lay a plan for releasing an old and valued friend, from imprisonment for the *crime* of debt.

Having been seated by his side, Marion commenced to give a history of her father's failure, and the necessity of seeking some occupation for their support.

"I have called this morning, sir, to solicit your name as a reference in an advertisement for a school. I am fully aware of my inexperience for such a task, but I thought your name might assist me in obtaining a sufficient number of pupils to support myself and feeble father."

"Does your father know of your new project?" replied Mr. Mellnotte.

"I have barely hinted to him," she replied, "that I had every confidence in my ability to support his declining years. He is now absent from the city *on business*, and I have hoped to ascertain what I can do for him before he returns.

"Do you know where he has gone?" asked Mr. Mellnotte, with some emotion, having understood by her last remark, that she was ignorant of his situation.

"Indeed, sir, I do not; he only said, as he bade me farewell, that he hoped to see me again in a day or two."

This was more than Mr. Mellnotte could endure, and, he turned away his head to conceal a tear—and was lost in silent thought.

Marion had closely watched his countenance, in her anxiety to ascertain the result, and from the nature of the last question and his peculiar looks, suspected, that he knew where her father was,—and that, perhaps he was not out of town. A thousand thoughts rushed to her mind, as to where he could be, or what could be Mr. Mellnotte's meaning. She turned deathly pale—and, in the agony of the moment, forgetting the object of her visit, begged and implored, if she must drink still deeper the bitter cup of affliction, that he would tell her all he knew upon the subject. Mr. Mellnotte having in some degree composed his feelings, commenced to say that "in his morning ride yesterday, he visited the debtors prison" —here she gave a scream, and fainted; he carried her to the sofa, and every effort was made to restore her to animation—and at first, apparently without success. After some length of time, she appeared to improve,—and while the servants were using every effort to restore her, he placed in her reticule, a roll of money, sufficient, as he thought, to pay her father's debt.

As soon as she was restored, he told her where she would find the money, and to give herself no further [illegible] but he charged her explicitly *not to reveal the name of* her father's benefactor, under a penalty of lasting displeasure. He told her he should be absent from the city a day or two, and requested her to suspend her new project until his return—as he might be able to suggest, another plan that would meet with her approbation.

Marion's heart was too full, to thank him for so unexpected relief; and as she retired from his gate, with a sweet smile playing upon her countenance, with a light heart and light step she bounded through the beautiful walks to the main street, on an errand, that when accomplished, would make her one of the happiest of beings.

* * * * *

In a large store, in one of our business streets, sat at a small desk, a man somewhat advanced in years—reading a newspaper. If the face is a true index of the disposition—his was certainly one of the least amiable and most irritable that is ordinarily met with; his hair was quite thin, his eyes jet black, and his countenance of the Jewish cast, and, exhibited any thing but benevolence or humanity,—it bore that sordid and selfish cast, which Mr. Sharp's character fully developed.

A beautiful lady enters his counting-house, and enquires for Mr. Sharp.

"That is my name," said the gentleman with the newspaper, as he laid it one side.

"Have you a claim against Mr. Somerville," asked the lady.

"Yes—and I believe I am likely to have," replied Mr. Sharp, surveying her person with his keen eye.

"I have called, sir, to pay it, and will thank you for a receipt in full."

"There are some extra expenses upon the note, which I shall require."

"Very well, sir," replied Marion, composedly, "I shall be pleased to pay your account, with all of your expenses."

"Sit down, madam, it will be ready in a moment," said Mr. Sharp, as he was giving directions how to make it off. "I thought I should bring him down to the screwing point; he only wanted a little pressing." The account was handed her, and the money found to be more than sufficient to pay it with the charges; and Marion took a receipt in full, and an order for the immediate release of her father, from prison. As she left the store, Mr. Sharp expressed his wonder where she could have obtained so much money, as he had understood old Somerville had not a farthing when the officer committed him.

Immediately on Mr. Somerville's arrival home—he urged his daughter to tell him how she discovered his situation, and where she obtained the money for his release,—but she declined both, saying "if she told one the other would be revealed;" but she was not at liberty to reveal either. She told him to be thankful, she had made the discovery, and that Heaven had smiled upon them in this dark hour. The threatening clouds, which had lowered around them, were now scattered,—and the full sun-light, glistened over their hopes with magic splendor.

Mr. Somerville now found himself released from all of his creditors, and although surrounded by scanty furniture, he had learned contentment, and there was sufficient to make him comfortable for the present in the society of his only daughter who he so fondly cherished, and who was the chief object of his solicitude in his declining years. He was aware of Marion's purpose of opening a school for their support, and painful as was the thought, it was cheerfully acquiesced in, as the will of an over-ruling Providence.

The attentions of Frank Vernon were continued, and although his visits were less frequent—his affection for Marion appeared as pure and devoted as ever—his frequent absence was readily accounted for by his untiring efforts in business, and it was with the greatest reluctance she could dispense with his society. She sometimes thought that her reduced situation might operate to cool his affection for her, amid the voluptuous splendors of a city life—which so often, dims the sacred sanctuary of the heart's best affections—but at each successive visit would convince her, that her fears were groundless, when his devotion appeared increased, and the mutual happiness each experienced in the society of the other, gave assurance of their sincerity.

As Marion would be industriously engaged with her needle at her evening's work—the occasion would be improved by Frank reading to her from some favorite author—and thus their time was whiled away when hours passed like moments, and the sacred domestic hearth was a heavenly arena of true love. Having passed an evening of this description, as Frank was about bidding Marion farewell—he told her that business of importance required his attention for a few days, and she need not expect to see him again until the last of the week. As he spoke she thought she distinguished his depressed spirits, and a tear glistening in his eye—but she attributed it to the idea of their short separation, and supposing their feelings kindred, she thought no more of it, believing it still further proof of his sensitiveness—and attachment for her.

Scarcely had she closed the door after him, and was about returning, as she observed an open letter, and a bank check upon the floor, the latter was for four hundred dollars, and signed by Mr. Meredith. After a little hesitation, finding herself alone and unobserved, she read the letter, and was thunderstruck at the contents. It was addressed to Frank Vernon by some gambler demanding a sum of money he had loaned him the night previous, under penalty of exposing his character to his friends—this letter and check had evidently been dropped from his hat, as he was returning from the house—and he was no doubt going to pay the demands with the check which was with it.

Marion was completely paralized at the discovery, and remained in a stupor in regard to what course to pursue—she could not think he intended wrong—although she was certainly deceived in regard to his moral character—and with feelings of surprise, blended with mortification and sympathy, she half resolved, lonely as she was, and dark the night, to pursue him with the lost papers, and if her worst fears were realised—to sympathise with his misfortunes—to shame him for his imprudence, and use every faculty she possessed to redeem his lost character—but finally concluded to hide the letter that revealed the circumstance, and preserve the check until his return. As she retired to her room, amid the darkness that again enshrouded her happiness—she threw herself upon the bed, and for a time was lost by the whirling scenes that made captive her wandering mind. She finally composed her thoughts as much as possible, resolved to keep the secret of her discovery within her own bosom, and safely deposited the bank check and letter in a small box upon her table. She was sure he meant no wrong, and had some object in view by risking his reputation in such an occupation, and with these consoling thoughts she retired to bed, and passed a night of feverish slumbers.

After Marion had left the store of Mr. Sharp, the question arose in his mind, how she could obtain the means to liquidate her father's claim. He was mortified at having been foiled in his efforts to harass him, and determined upon pursuing some course to gratify his revenge. It had been whispered by those who were unacquainted with Mr. Somerville or his circumstances—that if his books were examined it would be discovered he had defrauded his creditors by keeping back a part of his property.

Mr. Sharp immediately called upon Mr. Meredith, and without making known the circumstance of his note having been paid, asked if he was sure Mr. Somerville's accounts were all straight, and hinted of being willing to sign his release if he could be satisfied of the fact. Mr. Meredith produced the books, and used every effort to convince him of their correctness. The manuscripts were found to differ materially from the books, and Mr. Meredith discovered in at least one instance of alterations having been made in certain figures in the cash account, and he soon discovered a check missing for four hundred dollars. Although the accounts of Mr. Somerville were proved correct without a doubt, there was no doubt some one who had access to the books had been to suit the amount they had taken. Mr. Meredith immediately charged it upon Frank Vernon. Mr. Sharp said the daughter of Mr. Somerville must have had a hand in it, and then related the whole circumstance of the committal of Mr. Somerville to jail for debt and his subsequent release, by his daughter paying the debt, which had induced him to suspect something wrong.

Mr. Meredith was astonished at the information, but said he would defer making the matter known until Frank Vernon's return, which would be in a day or two, when he might be able to explain all. But Mr. Sharp urged the propriety of ferretting the matter out at once, that he might ascertain the extent of the fraud, and Mr. Meredith proceeded at once to Mr. Somerville's house.

Marion arose the next morning, having passed a restless night in consequence of the discovery she had made on retiring. She had resolved to keep the secret within her own bosom until Frank Vernon's return.

They had hardly finished their morning's repast before Mr. Meredith called, who desired to see Mr. Somerville in private. Mr. Somerville retired to his own room, and there Mr. Meredith revealed to him the whole history of the frauds, and in as delicate a manner as possible alluded to his suspicion of Frank Vernon—the alteration of the books—the missing check—and finally the peculiar history of his own release from prison with the ill-gotten proceeds. Mr. Somerville was completely prostrated at this unexpected grief, which he declared was insupportable—he could suffer the loss of dear friends, and see his property swept from him, but when the shafts of poison pierced his honest character, it was more than he could withstand. He could only reply, that with his best efforts he could not prevail upon Marion to disclose the secret of the name of his unexpected benefactor, but repudiated the idea of her being concerned with any dishonest transaction under any circumstances, even to open the prison door, and relieve her old father from an ignominious confinement.

"If you believe her perfectly innocent," said Mr. Meredith, "you can have no objection to my explaining the peculiar circumstances to her."

"None at all, for I particularly desire it, and I am conscious she can clear her character in a few words—but do not drive me mad with the thought," and Mr. Somerville was completely overwhelmed with grief.

Mr. Meredith would now have given worlds could he be transported from this affecting scene, and he only regretted not having pursued his own course and let the matter drop—but he had no idea but that Mr. Somerville could account for the money that procured his release, when all suspicion from that quarter would cease.

Marion's troubled mind would allow of no relief, and she came down stairs amid the excitement, and discovered both her father and Mr. Meredith absorbed in the deepest grief—their eyes were filled with tears,—and both maintained a calm silence.

She broke the silence by addressing herself to Mr. Meredith, who was the most composed, and begged to know, what new affliction awaited them.

Her father motioned for her to go to her own room, and he would follow her, when he would explain all.

Mr. Meredith having assisted her father to her room—the door was partly closed, and he then commenced telling her the same thing that a few minutes before he had revealed to her father—adding that he did not suspect any one in the house of the crime, and that her answer to one simple question, was all that he desired.

"Can you say where you obtained the money which you paid Mr. Sharp, and obtained your father's release?"

A profound silence reigned in the apartment. They eagerly watched every muscle in her face, with the most intense anxiety—knowing upon how slender a thread their hopes or fears hung—and each anticipating a ready and decisive answer. But Marion stood near the door with her arms folded, and her deep black eyes cast to the floor—maintaining a countenance placid and calm—with that superior dignity which ever adorned her person—and which could not but induce them to declare her innocent.

After a moments pause, without raising her eyes from the floor, she answered in a calm, and dignified voice, "I cannot reveal a secret, which I am bound in honor to keep within my own bosom, though I declare myself innocent, and totally ignorant of the circumstances you name." Mr. Somerville heaved a deep sigh, which died upon the air, as if it came from his very soul.

"But," said Mr. Meredith, "can you not say something to relieve your character from such strong circumstantial evidence!—can you give us no clue?"

"Do my child! my child!" exclaimed Mr. Somerville in the greatest anguish, "if you would not drive me to a dishonored grave, if you would save your poor father's life, speak, speak at once, but do not break my heart with this dread suspense."

She still maintained the same calm position with her eyes to the floor, her countenance deathly pale—and resembling a perfect statue—until a pearly tear started from her eye, and she appeared lost in calm reflection—finally she answered in the same calm sweet voice, "I came honestly by it, but I repeat, I cannot tell where I got it."

"Then," said Mr. Meredith, "are you perfectly willing to convince the incredulous, to allow me to examine your room."

"Most certainly," she replied, raising her eyes from the floor, and as a cold shudder came over her, she cast an anxious look to the small box upon her table, which Mr. Meredith was just opening, where lay exposed to full view, the identical check which he said had been taken from his store, with his own signature; he held it up before them, between his fingers, without saying a word, his heart appeared too near his throat to speak. Mr. Somerville fell into a swoon, and Marion raising her dark eyes to heaven, and extending her arms in an attitude of despair, exclaimed at the top of her voice, "I am innocent, I am innocent, so help me God," and fell senseless upon the floor.

Soon after Mr. Meredith left the store, a letter was received addressed to him, (private) and as it appeared to be in Frank Vernon's hand writing—his partner took it immediately to Mr. Somerville's house, and arrived just as Mr. Meredith had discovered the fatal check. He heard the piercing shriek of Marion, and hastened to her room to ascertain the cause, where he found Mr. Meredith attempting to restore the afflicted sufferers. He opened it and found it to be a complete acknowledgement of Frank's guilt, in the fraudulent transaction. He stated he had lost a sum of money at the billiard table, and this was taken intending to be returned as soon as fortune smiled upon him, to prevent an exposure of his character—that he had dropped the check and a letter exposing his character—he feared, at Mr. Somerville's house, that his love for Marion had continued firm and unabated, and it was a desire to unite himself with her for life, that prompted him to risk his reputation and honor in the hope of being able to support herself and father. He added, that in the darkness that overshadowed him, he had determined to leave the country.

As soon as Marion and her father were somewhat restored, Mr. Meredith read the letter to them aloud. The old gentleman appeared in perfect ecstacy at his daughter's innocence—but poor Marion was inconsolable—her love was too deep rooted to be easily quenched. With the check in her box lay the letter which Marion had found, but it was unobserved until the reception of Frank Vernon's letter, which solved this remarkable mystery.

"But," said Mr. Meredith, "she has not now explained where she got the money to release her father's claim."

"I can do that," said Mr. Melnotte, as he unexpectedly entered the room out of breath, "I have just returned from the country—the first person with whom I met was Mr. Sharp—and he informed me of the circumstance of Marion's guilt, which, I explained to him, and hurried here immediately to do what I am conscientiously opposed to, and that is, acknowledge myself the person who gave Marion the money to release her father, under the usual injunctions of secrecy."

For some length of time nothing was heard of Frank Vernon. His absence was deeply deplored by Marion, for with all his faults she loved him still, and has more [illegible] declared, that rather than her evidence should [illegible] all of its consequent evils of being forever [illegible]

Mr. Melnotte, with that generosity which formed the prominent trait of his character, acknowledged that the unforseen and mysterious chain of circumstances, combined with his peculiar secret charity, had nearly destroyed all of their earthly hopes, and begged that he might share with him in his good old age, the solace of Marion's gentle disposition which her constant society alone could give, and freely offered his country seat for their future home, which was gratefully accepted on the part of both Mr. Somerville, and his daughter, when their closing years were crowned with all the happiness which wealth can bestow. W. E. H.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for April.

Dost Mohammed.

The affairs of Affghanistan have elicited so much interest, that a slight narrative of the rise of its late sovereign may serve to clear some of the narratives on the subject. A portion of the troops of Nadir Shah, in his invasion of India about a century since, were Affghans—a race of barbarians, inhabiting a country whose Alpine temperature in winter, and whose fertility in summer, rendered them one of the most vigorous and athletic races of Northern India. Nadir, though a brilliant soldier, was a tyrant, and therefore hated; but, on his return to Persia, he became a sot, and was easily circumvented by a court cabal. Poison and the dagger are the Eastern Bill of Rights. A conspiracy was formed against him, and he was stabbed when lying in his tent, probably drunk. A period of general convulsion followed, in which his auxiliary troops fought each other, or dispersed to their own homes. In the general disruption, the principal officer of the Affghans, Ahmed Shah, seized a convoy of treasure belonging to Nadir, returned with his barbarians to his mountains, drove all opposition before him, and giving himself the picturesque title of the "Pearl of the Age" (Dooree Doorance), became monarch of Affghanistan.

Ahmed had begun life as a robber on a large scale, and he continued his trade on an increasing one, as long as he lived. He must have been a formidable neighbor, for he made *four* invasions of India; fell heavily on the decaying house of Aurungzebe, and robbed and massacred without mercy wherever he conquered. At length, a quarter of a century of prodigacy, plunder, and toil in the pursuit of both, brought the founder of the Affghan throne to his grave. He died in 1773, about twenty years after Clive had laid the foundations of the British Indian Empire, by the battle of Plassey.

In the East the conqueror is always succeeded by a coward—and the founder of a kingdom by a fool; but the kingdom sometimes escapes the natural fall of the dynasty. Timour Shah, the son of Ahmed, was an indolent voluptuary; but the kingdom survived him, though he reigned about as long as his active and clever father.

On his death four of his crowd of sons were rivals for the throne. Humaioon, the eldest, attempted to proclaim himself king at Candahar, but was attacked by the army of Shah Zemaun, his brother, who had seized on Cabul, and assumed the throne, and by that brother had his eyes put out, and was thus rendered, in the Indian style, incapable of empire. India is the land of conspiracy, and a conspiracy was now formed against Zemaun, or his vizier, or both. The conspirators were seized, and had their heads cut off. But they had been powerful chieftains—their clans vowed revenge. Mahmoud, a third brother, put himself at their head, left Herat, of which he had been governor, and seized Candahar. All those affairs were bloody, but thoroughly Indian. Zemaun, who had been preparing for an excursion of robbery to Hindostan, now stopped on his march, and hastened back to crush the rebellion; but his troops, either tired of him, or corrupted by his brother, no sooner saw Mahmoud's lines, than one half of them marched over to him. The vizier and the monarch had only to turn their horses' heads and fly. They escaped to one of the mountain tribes, but Mahmoud's gold followed them there. They were both delivered up; Zemaun, by a retributary fate, was blinded and the vizier, more fortunate, was put to death. But in this furious family, there was a fourth brother, Shoojah, who had been left in charge of Zemaun's principal jewels at Peshawur. An insurrection—how raised is among the secrets of Cabul diplomacy—suddenly burst round Mahmoud in the midst of a life of revelry; he was dethroned, and the jewel-keeper placed in his room. Shoojah was now king.

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* "Cid Campeador," Valiant Commander.

But the Affghan throne was again to be beset by insurrection. Mahmoud escaped from his prison, and Shoojah was forced to leave his harem, raise an army and pursue him. He had, at the same time, an army fighting in Cashmere. The horizon now began to grow cloudy on all sides. His Affghanistan army was attacked and ruined in single battle; the next intelligence was that Mahmoud's general, Futteh Khan, a chieftain of remarkable bravery and talent, had taken Candahar: this was about 1810. Shah Shoojah then advanced to meet the rebels, with a powerful army; but he was beaten in two pitched battles, and forced to fly to the Punjaub, the territory of Runjeet Sing.

Mahmoud was monarch once more, and, like a savage, forgetting what he owed to the talents and bravery of his vizier, Futteh Khan, or, probably, jealous of his popularity, he blinded him, and shortly after put him to death. This act of atrocity produced the consequences which it deserved; the brothers of the vizier flew to arms.

Dost Mohammed Khan, one of them, who has since figured so largely in the history of this distracted country, made himself master of Cabul. Two others seized Candahar, Cashmere, and the rest of the dominions.

Shah Shoojah, under the protection of Runjeet Sing, was still unlucky; he was plundered of his jewels. The "Lion of the Punjaub" starved the fugitive prince, until he gave up especially the famous diamond, named "The Mountain of Light;" and, at length, Runjeet having no more to get from him, Sujah and his family were suffered to make their way to the British territory in 1814.

The origin of the war with Dost Mohammed is still involved in some obscurity. The Persian attack on Herat, *openly* directed by a Russian general, naturally excited suspicion of the loose fidelity of the Affghan king. It was unquestionable that he had commenced a correspondence with Russia, under pretence of protecting himself against the aggressions of Runjeet Sing. The British governor-general, unaccountably forgetting the absolute fickleness of the barbarian character, and the notorious facility with which it is swayed by money, is said to have refused advancing a subsidy of £300,000, which the "Dost" (prince) declared to be absolutely necessary to his throne; and a march across India and a war were preferred, which have already cost, on a general calculation, about twenty times the subsidy, or seven millions sterling, and may cost an unlimited sum before quiet is restored. But the gallantry of the British troops shone conspicuously in this brief, but dangerous campaign. Dost Mohammed was beaten, and taken prisoner; and now, after two years of nominal triumph, the whole struggle is to be begun again.

But a new display of sentiment is actually fastening itself on this unpromising subject, and the Whigs and Radicals are beginning to exalt the Affghans into patriots, heroes, and all other fine things of the Radical school.

The orators say that the Affghans had a right to hate the British for forcing a *beloved sovereign* from them, and an unbeloved sovereign on them; that Dost Mohammed was the universal delight, and Shah Shoojah the universal hatred, and that they were only performing the part of William Tell and Timoleon. But what is the fact? it is a mere repetition of the case of Napoleon and Louis XVIII. The French would, doubtless, have preferred Napoleon, because he gave them plunder; but *we* had strong reasons for preferring Louis, because he allowed us to remain at peace. The Corsican was, doubtless, more a favorite with the French amateurs of "La gloire," than the old fat descendant of forty lazy kings; but he was a much more inconvenient neighbor for us,—and that was the grand question for us to consider. Accordingly, we flung that robbing and murdering emperor of the *braves* from the throne, and put the old man in his seat. This was exactly the case with the Affghans. Dost Mohammed was sanguinary and treacherous; he made war upon us, and we beat him, captured him, and sent him to study the art of respecting the British government in a dungeon. Shah Shoojah may be a sot or a simpleton, but *he* will not make war upon us; and therefore, it is our convenience to keep him on the throne. Whether we have done all in the wisest way—whether we might not have made Dost Mohammed as careful of preserving the peace as the Shah, is altogether a question of circumstances. Whether it would not have been much better to have left the Dost and the Kamram, and the whole circle of savages, to fight it out, and cut up each other, we have not the slightest doubt would have been the right proceeding, and must be the proceeding after all. But to represent the Affghans as chivalric, sensitive, and romantic,—as imitating in the slightest degree the rising of the Swedes for Gustavus, or the Scotch for the Chevalier, is nothing but to burlesque all truth, and make a tinsel novel out of a barbarian incident. The real nature of the insurrection is, an intrigue to drive Shah Shoojah from the throne, and put the contriver of the intrigue into it; the same thing has been done a hundred times over in India. An individual or a party have got together money enough to hire soldiers; the nation are banditti, and would hire themselves to any one; the perfidy, lies, bribery, and villany of all kinds with which every thing done by the Asiatics is carried on, make a conspiracy—at once, the conspiracy swells into a rebellion. If the British resident is a man of sense and vigilance, he watches the plot, crushes the rebellion, and hangs the principal performers. If he is merely a showy [illegible] the first diplomatist in the world, while he is laughed at by his own palankin bearers, and sits down to pen a dispatch to the governor-general, announcing the general pacification produced by his genius, when, in the next five minutes, he is shot in the midst of a general rebellion. Or, if he is a sulky, self-sufficient, and obstinate official, he despises all notice of the movements around him, refuses to believe that he is not infallible, and finally walks into the pitfall of the enemy, in the face of day. But the true evil of such things and persons is, the hazard into which they throw clever people and brave men, who were compelled to rely on them. Still we must have no varnishing of the Affghans; they are a bloody, plundering, and vicious race of savages. The British certainly were impolitic in remaining so long in their country; but the Affghans had been actually benefitted by them: British expenditure gives opulence wherever it goes,—there had been no acts of tyranny,—the population were protected,—and, as to the idea of their feeling disgraced, like so many Romans or Englishmen, at seeing an enemy's army supporting a returned sovereign, all is verbiage. The only difference between the parties, is, that the British paid, but did not bribe, while the Dost Mohammed party bribed, but did not pay, and, among barbarians, the bribe always carries the field.

But the matter must come before the great British tribunal. The governor-general must be compelled to account for his first having suffered so foolish, rash, and wasteful a war, ever to have been contemplated, and then to account for the palpably absurd, hazardous, and senseless manner, in which, after the conquest, the attempt to keep the country was maintained. He must produce the correspondence of Sir Alexander Burnes, whose friends declare that he made the strongest remonstrances against the whole expedition. He must produce the correspondence of Mr. Clerk, and the other residents in that part of India. He must be able to satisfy the country on the project which was so long said to be entertained of garrisoning Herat, and thus extending the line of British hostilities from China to Persia, a line of 2000 miles. He must account for the ignorance which made the insurrection a surprise to him; or if he knew of it, the scattered and helpless condition in which the various bodies of our troops were left in that wild country. If he can defend himself on those points, so much the better; if he cannot, let justice be done to the army and the empire.

The blow in Cabul is the heaviest that has fallen on the Indian army since the day of Hyder Ali, when the force under General Matthews was broken up by the Mysore cavalry—but this was upwards of half a century ago. It is a heavier blow than fell on the British army in Europe during the whole Continental war; for though our troops on the Continent often suffered from disease and winter, they fought successfully, and even the march to Corunna was finished by a victory. But in Affghanistan, every kind of blunder seems to have been committed, and every kind of loss suffered, unrelieved by a single ray of victory. Our gallant troops have been forced indignantly to fly before a rabble, because the rabble had food and they had none; and the force which a few months ago would have marched triumphantly from end to end of India, is now fugitive, or showing its habitual bravery only in dying on the field.

Methodist Missionary Society.

The annual election for officers of the Methodist Missionary Society, took place a few days ago in New York. The oldest Bishop in the Church, Bishop Roberts, was re-elected President, Rev. George Lane, Treasurer, and Francis Hall, Esq., Recording Secretary. The managers remain pretty much as they were last year. The operations of this society from its commencement have been very extensive and eminently successful. The appropriations last year were for Domestic Missions, $70,000; Liberia Mission, $22,000; Oregon do., $10,000; Buenos Ayres do., $5,000; Rio Janeiro do., $2,500; Montevideo do., $2,500; total, $112,000. The missions in South America have this year been abandoned, and the appropriations to some of the Foreign Missions have been considerably reduced. The annual report will be published some time in the month of May.

Military Encampment.

Governor Porter, and Governor Thomas, intend to visit the military encampment in Maryland, on the 10th of May next. Governor Porter has lent the Maryland volunteers a supply of tents for the occasion. The application for a supply at Washington failed.

SATURDAY POST.

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☞ L. B. Houghton, Esq. of Vicksburg, Mississippi, is duly authorized to act as agent for the Saturday Evening Post, Graham's Magazine, and the Lady's World of Fashion. Subscribers to those periodicals will, we trust, bear this in mind, and avail themselves of the opportunity of keeping their subscriptions paid in advance.

A CHIT-CHAT.

This is the last number of our forty-second volume. Our contents, we flatter ourselves, have been rich and various, and the original tales we have published have everywhere been popular. The novel of "RINGWOOD THE ROVER," has been pronounced, by the whole press, to be the finest production of the kind ever given to the American public, through the medium of a newspaper. In the next volume we shall do even greater things for our readers.

A word on our contents this week. The history of the Cid, the hero of Spanish Romance, will of course be read by every one. Besides this, there are three excellent tales on our outside, varied in character to suit every mood and taste. The article from Blackwood on THE AFFGHANS, although colored by the national prejudice of the writer, gives a succinct account of the origin of the war which has produced the *massacre at Cabool*. Our readers will find this article particularly interesting just now, and they will draw no favorable ideas from it of the conduct of the British in India. Of our editorial and news columns we need not speak. But every one will read the deeply interesting and important trial of Holmes, for throwing overboard the passengers in the long boat of the William Brown.

Look out for next week!

The Artist's Fund.

The Artist's Fund Exhibition, to which we alluded in a short paragraph last week, is one of the finest which the society has ever thrown open to the public. There are fewer portraits than usually deface the walls, and this feature alone ought to give a high character to this year's exhibition. A portrait should never be exposed to the *public* gaze unless it is a production in the very highest walk of art, and to be that it must be the effort of a painter of the loftiest genius. A *true* portrait is not so much the picture of the individual in any one particular mood, as the idealized representation of all his characteristics. The artist should read the inner soul of his subject, and then stamp the same on the canvass. The old masters understood this. Titian's heads are the impersonations of the warriors and statesmen whom we read of in Italian history. Vandyke's Wentworth, Charles the First, and other portraits convey to us the exact idea of these men as we deduce it from Clarendon and the other writers on the great civil war. Even Lely's Cromwell partakes of the same characteristics, for in painting the great English protector the artist seems to have risen above himself, and stamped the wild soul of the warrior along with all his scars and ruggedness of aspect, on the stormy face. The ten thousand portraits of Thompsons, Smithsons, Johnsons and Muggletons, which annually cover the walls of our exhibition rooms are unworthy of the name of pictures. There is nothing noble or great in such every day individuals, and there can be nothing noble or elevating in their portraits. They should be *left* to the obscurity which heaven has given them by birth. The comparative absence of such pictures from this year's exhibition, we regard as a crowning mercy.

The gem of the collection is Huntington's "Mercy's Dream," a picture in the possession of E. L. Carey, Esq. whose liberality and taste have done so much for the arts in America. The face of Mercy—the drapery of the angel—the manner in which the light is thrown on this figure—the flesh-tints—the landscape—the coloring in general are all admirable points in this picture. It is to be regretted that the drawing of Mercy's figure is not more correct. Were it not for this, the picture might be pronounced comparatively faultless. The "Orestes tormented by furies," one of Guerin's compositions, is effective and finished. The face of the virgin in "The Holy Family" of Page is admirable, but, with many fine points, the general effect of this picture is rigid and forced. "Zelda" by the same artist is a fine head. Indeed we regard Page as one of the first artists of our country, and prophecy for him, if he continues his career of improvement, a lasting fame. It is strange that one whose friends recommended him to abandon his [illegible] contemporaries. Page has much of the dignity of the old masters, and thoroughly understands *unity* in his compositions. His coloring is more admired by his friends than by ourselves. But altogether he has a greater genius—with the exception of Allston—than any one whose paintings are on exhibition in the Hall.

There are numerous other pictures of merit in the collection. The "Filagree Worker," of Rothermel—Leslie's "Dulcina del Toboso"—a landscape by Frankenstein—"An English Cottage," by Boddington—Leutze's "Artist's Studio"—"The News Boy" of Inman—and one of Mount's peculiar compositions, "The Fortune Teller," are effective each in its way. Among the miniatures we notice favorably "The Portrait of a Girl," by McDougall. Neagle has not done himself justice in either of the pictures he has furnished. Sully seems to be about retiring from the field, to judge by his compositions in the present exhibition. Among the portraits, those by Allston, Lambdin, and Waugh, of living artists, display the greatest merit. There is a portrait by Copley here; and two fine heads from the pencil of Stuart, one of them being the famous Mount Vernon head of Washington. Again we repeat, this is a finer exhibition than the one last year, and deserves more than one visit from those who admire the arts.

Four Wheeled Cabs.

We see that a petition is now before Councils to place four wheeled cabs or chaises, on the same footing with the two wheeled cabs, the commissioners having leant to the opinion that these most useful of all our public conveyances should be classed with hackney coaches, and placed on their stands. We hope this will not be done. The four wheeled cabs charge the *same* fare as the two wheeled cabs charge, and less than is charged by the hackney coaches. To place these vehicles on the same stand with the coaches would be unfair to the latter, since it would subject them to competition with lower rates. Besides many worthy men have built up a business at their cab stands with these vehicles, and the contemplated change would effectually destroy it. Unless, therefore, some very urgent reason exists for the change, matters should be left as they were heretofore.

The four wheeled Cabs have always stood with the two wheeled ones; and we know that on one stand—that at Mulberry and Ninth streets—the citizens take an active interest in preserving the present relations of things. We have no doubt the same feeling exists in the neighborhood of the other stands. The four wheeled Cabs are particularly convenient for infirm or sick persons, to whom the common two wheeled Cab is a racking torture.

It is essential, for the convenience of citizens and their families, that these vehicles should be protected, and we trust that Councils will take this matter in hand, and decide in favor of the petitioners. No ordinance at present exists in relation to four wheeled cabs. It is only a construction, and we think, a forced one, which would make them hackney coaches. Let the Councils settle this difficulty, with their usual regard to the convenience of the citizens.

By permitting things to remain on their old footing, the Councils will do injustice to no one. By transferring the four wheeled cabs to the hackney coach stands, more than one honest man, who by sobriety and attention has built up a sort of business at a particular stand, will be injured at the expense of less deserving ones. When Councils come to look at this matter, in its various bearings, we have no doubt the decision will be in favor of the petitioners.

Dreadful Accident.

An accident occurred on Sunday afternoon, on the Harlem Rail Road, which will serve as another warning against the careless, but too frequent attempts to get off the cars while going at great speed.

A young man by the name of Schultz, residing in Delancy street, while riding on the outside of the cars, forward, near 115th street, had his hat blown off, and very foolishly attempted to get off to recover it before the speed of the train was checked. In doing so he fell on the track and the whole train passed over him, cutting one leg off entirely just above the ancle, and tearing the flesh completely off the other from the ancle to the thigh. The locomotive was immediately stopped, and the unfortunate man was carried into the nearest house, where medical aid was promptly afforded, but his recovery is considered more than doubtful. No possible blame can be attached to any persons connected with the road, and but for the careless attempt to jump from the cars going at great speed, the accident would not have occurred.

Result in Rhode Island.

The elections of both parties have come off in Rhode Island. The friends of the "People's Constitution" voted on Monday week. There was no opposition to their ticket, and every free male white citizen was allowed to vote. Six thousand one hundred and seventy-eight votes were polled, of which four thousand four hundred and fifty-nine were cast in Providence County, where the chief strength of the revolutionists seems to lie. The whole number of persons in the State, qualified to vote under the "People's Constitution," approaches twenty thousand. The day, however, was a stormy one. The President's Proclamation beside, was said to have deterred many from going to the polls. Certain it is, the votes given on Monday by the revolutionists fall short of the vote against the legal Constitution lately rejected, and does not reach to more than half of the vote said to have been polled for the "People's Constitution." But it is quite probable that, since these elections, many persons have changed their minds and become satisfied, that the government of their State can be reformed without a resort to violent and revolutionary measures.

On Wednesday, the legal election took place. No one but a freeholder could vote at this election. Two tickets were in the field, one headed by Gov. King, the other by Gen. Carpenter. It was understood that the latter was in opposition, although he did not countenance the "People's Constitution." The result was, that Gov. King, received 4,781 votes, and Gen. Carpenter, 2,364, making the total number of votes polled 7,145. The Legislature stands 58 "Rhode Island" men, to 8 "People's Constitution" men.

Both parties claim the victory—the present government because more votes were polled at its election, than at the election on Monday—the other party, because the number of votes polled for Gov. King, was less than the number polled for the candidates under the "People's Constitution." Both parties talk of installing their officers. The election—neither side denies—was a test. It seems apparent to us that the two parties are nearly balanced. These elections imply that there are three parties in Rhode Island nearly equal in strength—one party for revolution, the other party against it, and a third party of neutrals who will acquiesce with the prevailing party, which ever that may be.

The governor, in contemplation of the projected installation of the officers of the "People's Constitution," has called together the newly elected assembly, in special session. The Assembly met on Monday, when a message was received from the Governor.

The message of the Governor, after a brief review of the current events, since the adjournment of the General Assembly and of the present state of affairs, suggests the propriety of making a requisition upon the President of the United States for aid, to put down the domestic violence with which the State is threatened, and recommends the appointment of a Board of Council to advise and consult with the Executive, and the organization of such a military force as shall be deemed necessary in the present exigency.

The excitement still continues in the state, and an adjustment of the difficulty seems as far off as ever. This should not be. To us the settlement of the controversy appears easy.

There is no real difference at stake. The question whether or not the right of suffrage shall be extended in Rhode Island, has been already settled, since the legal Convention, elected by the freeholders, passed the Constitution lately rejected in which the right of suffrage was conceded in its fullest extent, with a solitary exception against aliens born. From this it is evident that even a majority of the freeholders are in favor of an extension of the right of suffrage. The fact is that not more than 1500 *out of 8000 freeholders are friendly to the old charter.* The rest of that body take their present attitude, because they would have the government reformed in a legal, peaceable, and regular manner. We are astonished that such an excitement should have grown out of such a misapprehension of law and facts.

Take our advice, gentlemen of both sides, and stop this nonsense! The legitimate assembly intends to extend the suffrage—let it then be done at once. No motives of pride should induce you to postpone the peaceable adjustment of this difficulty. No necessity exists for revolution unless reform is impossible—nor will the people of Rhode Island fall to cutting each other's throats, when their grievances can be redressed without endangering their windpipes.

Whiskey in the Navy.

We were much pleased with an article in the North American of Wednesday, respecting the disuse of the Whiskey ration in the Navy. We are not wrong, we think, in attributing the article in question, to the pen of the Rev. Walter Colton, a chaplain in the Navy, and a gentleman intimately acquainted with every thing relating to that branch of the service. He says that the time was, when he was opposed to the disuse of the whiskey ration, but that experience has induced him to change his mind. We quote his remarks as more appropriate than any thing we can say.

"It has been shown with a conclusiveness that [illegible] performed by those, who use no alcoholic drinks. We adduce in evidence of this, the health and strength found in our whaling vessels, where no spiritous liquors are used, and where the hardships are unequalled in any other branch of our marine. We have also hundreds of merchantmen afloat, where the utmost enterprise and vigor prevail, and where no artificial stimulents are used. But our evidence stops not here: We have also men of war in service, where among a large proportion of the crews, the whiskey ration has been voluntarily commuted for other articles, and where still the highest degree of alacrity and strength abound. And further, we have one Frigate at least afloat, where, as we are informed, every soul on board, from the commander down to the loblolly-boy, is a *tetotler*; and where order, discipline and energy are unsurpassed. With these facts before us, facts founded in experience, we are prepared to say that the whiskey ration in the Navy can well be dispensed with.

"The law as it now stands makes it a part of the sailor's ration; and no commander, not the Secretary of the Navy himself, can withhold it. A large proportion of the crews of our public ships voluntarily relinquish it. A few from the force of habit, or ignorance of the benefits of giving it up, continue its use. This comparatively small number are called on deck twice or thrice a day, where, in the presence of all the rest of the crew, the whiskey is dealt out to them; and where their faces are lighted up for the moment with the delirious excitement imparted. Now, what must be the effect of such an example? What its effect on the youth of the crew, and on that sailor whose abstinent purpose sometimes wavers? Temptations out of sight lose half their power. It is our eyes that gives the forbidden fruit its charm. And yet no commander under our present law, can refuse to present this pernicious infectious example to his crew every day. He cannot have this insidious poison administered in secret; he has no right to order the men down in the hold for the purpose; nor can he cast upon the indulgence any stigma or rebuke. It is honored and protected by law, and he is obliged to respect that law.

"What then, in view of all these facts, is the duty of that body which made this law, but to repeal it? Can any man face this evidence and protect it? Can he look at the evils which it inflicts, and plead for it? Can he stand over the ruins of soul, mind and body which it entails, and defend it? No, no, not for one moment. It ought to be abolished at once, utterly and forever. It ought never to have been incorporated with the provisions of the service. But ignorance of its destructive nature allowed its enactment. That ignorance, however, now no longer exists, and there is no apology left for its continuance. Let Congress then strike it from our Naval statutes, and substitute for its poison what will promote the comfort, health and strength of our seamen.

Signor De Begnis' Concert.

The Concert of this gentleman, on Monday evening, was well and fashionably attended. The music, in general, was excellent. We except, of course, the dolorous whining of an article called in the bill an Accordion, but which gave utterance to sounds such as we never before heard, and pray we may never again hear, from mortal instrument. The performance on the flute was good. Miss Mellinst, sang several songs, and was loudly applauded. This young lady has the elements of an excellent singer, but her training has been deficient. She exaggerates the peculiarities of celebrated singers until she rises into the bombast—if we may so speak—of vocal music. Nor can she always compass the flights she undertakes. Yet she is a promising singer; and with care, will do much eventually.

The Signor appeared to most advantage in his two favorite pieces, "*Pas d'Argent*," and "The Mad Musician." He was encored in the former. The latter piece is particularly humorous, and was acted out to perfection.

The Concert was, on the whole, a good one, and quite varied in its character. The instrumental part of the performance is deserving of not the least praise.

Mr. Tyson Rejected.

The Senate on Friday rejected the nomination of Mr. Tyson as Commissary General. This was generally expected, from the previous intimations, though upon what ground the rejection was based, we have not heard. The vote stood 29 against him, to 11 in his favor. Seven whigs, Messrs. Evans, Bates, Choate, Tallmadge, Sprague, Preston, Rives; and four democrats, Messrs. Colburt, McRoberts, Cuthbert and Walker voted for him.

Trial of Holmes.

Case of the William Brown—[illegible], how the passengers were thrown over from the long-boat—Participation of Holmes in the act—Verdict of manslaughter—Comments.

The loss of the William Brown packet-ship during the last winter, is still fresh in the minds of our readers, from the circumstances of peculiar horror attending it. The ship was struck by an iceberg, when the crew and passengers took to the boats. In one of the boats the crowd was very great, and a squall coming up, the crew threw over a portion of the passengers, in order to preserve the lives of the rest. The survivors were picked up subsequently and reached America. Alexander William Holmes, one of the crew in the long-boat who had been most active both in saving the passengers from the wreck and subsequently in lightening the boat by throwing over a portion of its human freight, was afterward arrested in Philadelphia, and last week brought to trial before the United States Circuit Court, Judges Baldwin and Randall presiding. The crime for which Holmes was arraigned was *manslaughter on the high seas.* Apart from the circumstances of horror connected with the deed, the trial attracted interest on account of the fact, that it was the first trial in this country of the character.

At the time of the melancholy catastrophe, we gave a full account of the manner in which the passengers were thrown over from the long-boat. The statements now given, however, are under the solemnity of oath. We shall quote the evidence of the material witnesses, and accompany the decision of the jury with a few remarks.

The strongest evidence against Brown was that of Bridget McFee. She said:

I was a passenger on board the ship William Brown. We left Liverpool on the 12th March, 1841. On the night of Monday, April 17th, we struck against an iceberg. The passengers were nearly all in bed at the time. A man called down the hatchway that the ship was sinking, and we all rushed up on deck. When I got on deck the sailors were busily engaged in getting out the boats. I waited till they got the long boat out when I got into it. There were some of the other passengers in before me. Holmes called to me after I got in and said we must get out. I told him I would not go from the boat to a sinking ship. He said no more and turned from me. The boat was then pushed away from the ship with thirty-two passengers. Four of a Scotch family named Edgar got into the boat, and one of the sisters remained on deck; her name was Isabel Edgar. Holmes returned to the ship and carried this girl on his back into the boat. The two boats pushed away from the ship and cut the ropes by which they were attached to her, just before she went down. This was about 11 o'clock at night. The boats kept together till morning. The captain, who was in the jolly boat, gave Francis Rhodes, the mate, who had charge of the long boat, a compass and chart, and told him we were two hundred and fifty miles from land. In the morning the captain took down the names of the passengers in the long boat; that was on Tuesday. The sailors and passengers continued bailing and rowing the boat. About 10 o'clock they commenced throwing the passengers overboard. The first I heard was a passenger named Owen Riley. I heard him cry to a Scotch woman, Mrs. Edgar, to speak to the sailors to spare his life. I don't know who was the next thrown out.

When they caught hold of Francis Askins to throw him out, he too, called on the Scotch woman to intercede for him, as he thought she had so much influence over them. Frank Askins had two sisters in the boat, one of whom was named Mary. She said if they threw him out, they might throw her out too. After they threw him out, they did throw her out, and they then looked for and threw her sister Ellen out also.

The next I know of was Holmes catching hold of James, another passenger. On taking hold of him he said "who is this." Black answered, "why its James Black." When the mate heard Black's name, he said "don't part man and wife," and they did not throw Black out. Charles Conlin was sitting next to me when Holmes came over to him. He said to him, "Holmes, dear, you'll not put me out." Holmes made answer, "Yes, Charley, you'll go too,"—and he then took hold of him and threw him over. Conlin was the last man they threw out, but there were two others that they did not see. One of them was under the seat and the other under the stern, where they had hid themselves. The sailors saw these men in the morning and made them get up and bail the boat. John Nugent was one, I don't remember the other. When they had done bailing, the sailors threw them out. About an hour and a half after that we were picked up by the Crescent. When I say *they*, I mean that Charles Smith, Alexander William Holmes, John Stetson and Henry Murray, the cook, a colored man, threw them out. Rhodes, the mate, did not assist, or throw any over. Thirty-one passengers, including several women, perished in the ship. None of the crew went down in her, and none of them were thrown out of the long boat.

The weather was no worse when the passengers were thrown overboard, than it was when the ship went down, except that it rained. It was not blowing. The passengers were occupied in bailing at different times. They would stop and commence again, there was not much water in the boat the second night. There was more on the first night. The captain of the Crescent kept the long-boat because it was better than his own. Frank Askins said, when they came to throw him over, that all he had was five sovereigns, but he would give them these if they would spare his life till morning; we had three sacks of biscuit in the long-boat; I saw some beef, but I don't know how much there was in the boat; when they were throwing the passengers out, the boat did not capsize so as to take in water over the sides; there was plenty of room to work the boat, and for bailing and rowing it; there was enough room for this before the passengers were thrown out; I don't know that Rhodes had any thing to do with throwing the passengers over; the first night the boat was dry, but it leaked in getting over from the ship, the second night the rain caused most of the water in the boat; they bailed out the water with something like a coffee pot and a bucket; the passengers brought some of their provisions into the boat; they brought nothing but oatmeal.

There was fresh water taken into the boat, but I don't know how much. I was in the stern of the boat when Holmes ordered me out. I was sitting down. There was no seats in the boat. I can't say what Holmes was doing there. There were other passengers in the boat at the time. He ordered another girl, Bridget Nugent, to leave the boat too. He said no more, and gave no reason why we should leave the boat. I don't recollect anything that took place before the jolly-boat left us, except that the Captain took down the names of the passengers.

I arrived in this country on the 14th of July last, and have been in Philadelphia ever since. I was examined before the Grand Jury, and have been examined by Mr. Dallas, but no where else. I never was before a Judge till now. My uncle, George Duffee, shipped with me at Liverpool. He was one of those thrown out. I was not related to any other person on board the vessel, nor had I seen any of the passengers before I went on board at Liverpool. I did not know where they came from. I was on friendly terms with them on the voyage. I never spoke to Holmes on the voyage but once, I think. He had never shown any unkindness before to me or Bridget Nugent, or any one else, that I saw. All the passengers had gone to bed that night except one girl, Mary Carr, who was sitting up with a sick girl. She was in the steerage. We were all below deck. I can't say how many women there were on board, nor how many men, I know thirty-one went down with the ship, and thirty-three got into the long-boat.

The chief testimony for the prisoner was given by Mrs. Margaret Edgar, Susannah Edgar, and Isabella Edgar.

Susannah Edgar, sworn.—Examined by Mr. Brown.—She said that the captain told the mate when he spoke of casting lots, to say no more about it, as he, the mate, knew what to do. She also stated that on bailing, one man filled the bucket and another passed it over the side, as the man who filled the bucket could not empty it because the boat was so crowded. She said that just before the passengers were thrown out there was a cry that the boat was sinking. The passengers were greatly distressed on Wednesday morning, and Holmes told them to keep their hearts up. When they were picked up by the Crescent, they were unable to walk. Owen Carr had his neck so bent that his shirt had to be torn from his back; he would have died in an hour, Mary Carr said, if they had not been relieved. After the boat was hoisted on board the Crescent she saw a hole in the bottom. The gunwale of the boat was so near the water's edge just before the passengers were thrown out, that she touched the water with her fingers when she laid hold of the side of the boat to raise herself up. The water was deeper in the boat after the passengers were put out, but she could not say how deep it was. In throwing the passengers out there was no difference made on account of country. James Todd was a Scotchman, and so was James Black; the former was thrown over and the latter was saved. The family of witness never knew Holmes until they met him in the ship and had but little intercourse with him.

Mrs. Margaret Edgar, sworn.—Examined by Mr. Brown.—Isabel went with me to the ship's side after she struck, and Holmes helped me into the boat. There was water in the boat and it was leaking very fast. They were bailing, and I helped them. The boat was so crowded that we could not sit apart; my daughter Margaret sat on top of me. On Tuesday afternoon I saw that the top of the boat was nearly on a level with the water. Holmes took off his oil cloth jacket and covered my head with it. He cut up his oil cloth pants and spread them over Judy McAdden. After this he had nothing on but his shirt and pantaloons. There was a great deal of water in the boat before the passengers were thrown out; I was nearly covered with it, and the sea became very rough, for I felt the water coming over the side. (The rest of the witness's testimony was precisely the same as that given by the other witnesses for the defence.)

Isabella Edgar, sworn.—Examined by Mr. Brown.—I was a passenger on board of the Wm. Brown, and had been sick from the time we left Liverpool until she struck. When she struck I had nothing on but my night clothes. I put on my dress in the steerage, and helped my mother to the side of the ship where some one helped her into the boat. The cook told me to go to the stern, that they would swing the boat round there. In going there I fell down on the deck, when the cook picked me up and lifted me on Holmes' shoulder. He carried me down the rope into the boat. The boat was then crowded and I could not sit down, but had to lay across Jane Johnson's and my sister Susan's shoulders. I did not see Holmes again till next morning. I never spoke to him but once or twice on board the ship. Our family was worse off for clothing than any of the others. I heard, but did not see the passengers go overboard. On Wednesday morning at break of day, I heard that two went over, but did not see them. One of them said, "blood an' 'ounds, let me go myself." Nearly all the passengers and crew were chilled with cold. Holmes was the only man I saw at work. When Holmes was carrying me down into the boat, Mrs. Anderson asked Holmes to carry her down too, and offered to give him as much money as he could earn in a twelve month if he would do so. He said money was no object to him—all he wanted was to save lives.

The arguments of the Counsel on both sides were conducted with much ability. Messrs. Dallas and Meredith appeared for the U. States, Messrs. Armstrong, and D. P. Brown for the prisoner. The defence rested on the universally admitted principle of the marine law, that self-preservation justified the destruction of another's life, when such an act was the only means by which to save your own. If two men are on a plank at sea, and the plank cannot sustain both, the stronger man is justifiable in pushing off the weaker one. The case is hard, but those only who have been in such an emergency can fully understand it. At any rate, jurists have always laid down such to be the law. The defence further contended that the long boat was in the act of sinking when she was lightened—that there was no time to cast lots—that those only were thrown overboard who were too weak either to save themselves, or the others, by working the boat.

The prosecution denied that any necessity existed for resorting to this act, contending that the boat was not in a sinking condition—and that, even if she was, lots should have been cast, since there was time enough left for this act, and since none were too exhausted to labor for their lives. This is a question of fact. The evidence for the defence explicitly states that the water, when the business of lightening the boat begun, was within two inches of the gunwale, and that the sea was becoming rough. Holmes appears to have been very kind to the passengers; and his participation in the act of throwing over a portion of them arose, it is apparent, wholly from a conviction that the remainder could not otherwise be saved.

Judge Baldwin, in charging the Jury, bore rather unfavorably on the prisoner. His Honor's sentiments on the material points in the case may be gathered from the following extracts from his charge.

"A sudden, unforeseen peril may preclude any deliberation or consultation, when destruction may follow upon all while casting lots, or the darkness of the night prevent it; but when the source of the danger has been seen, and no new cause has arisen, so that there was time to consult, to cast lots, or select the victim, it is a duty to do it, in order to guard against partiality, oppression, violence or contention, and thereby put the weak and the strong on the same footing. Imagination cannot conceive a scene more horrible than a struggle between sailor and sailor, passenger and passenger, or in a mixed affray, in which each endeavored to destroy the other, under circumstances which most loudly call for same fair and just means of deciding whose life must be given up for the common safety. When it is done by lots, the victim submits to his fate—if attempted by force their common destruction might be inevitable, in the struggle which each would make to preserve himself, and as a right to make, when the law of necessity is enforced contrary to those rules by which alone it can be justified. If the lot is cast, the person on whom it falls must submit; if he resists, force may be employed to put him over, or if the necessity of a sacrifice arises from famine, the allotted victim may be seized and slain. When thus administered, the law of necessity supersedes all other laws. It operates as a dispensation from punishment, with all the lasting effects of a pardon for the act. When the survivors can make out such a case, they need not fear human laws which do not doom them to death, to prison, or fines for taking the victim's life, or that innocent blood will be laid to [illegible] who take on themselves the destruction of life, by assuming that it is necessary when no necessity exists, or its rules are not observed. In this respect those who execute the laws of necessity by the infliction of death, stand in the same position of responsibility to the penal laws of the country, as the public officer who executes a death warrant on a convicted criminal—he stands justified in both cases, when he acts pursuant to the warrant of the law, but without justification when he disobeys or departs from its requirements, in any particular whereon his authority depends.

And again.

"The Captain and such of the seamen as are necessary to the preservation of the ship or boat, are not bound to draw lots, for *unless these abide in the ship all will perish.* This is the sailor's privilege, his high prerogative, conferred on him for the common safety, clothed with which he is exempted from other risk of life than what attends the seaman after the immolation of those who have been doomed to death for the sake of others. But this privilege, or exemption, is founded on reasons which must not be disregarded. The law does not favor him merely because he is a sailor, it is as the instrument of common preservation—not to prefer his life to others, or absolve him from any duty incumbent on him in virtue of his occupation, or relieve him from any of its incident perils. When the reason of the exemption ceases, the supernumerary or the useless sailor stands without any privilege, the common safety not requiring it, he must submit his fate to the casting of lots, and if it falls on him, the law does not justify him in resisting, or putting another in his place. Nor is the seamen less an offender against the law if the ship or boat is in a situation where there can be a consultation as to the degree of danger, and the necessity of drawing lots, if the exigency has not happened, though probable or certain at some future time, and neither takes place, to justify or excuse the omission of either consultation or lot, there must be a case of necessity made out, strong, clear and decisive on the minds of those whose duty it is to closely scrutinize on his trial, the conduct of the man who takes the life of his fellow man. Without consultation, who is to decide—who shall the victim be, and how many? Who that looks to the consequences here or hereafter will not shoulder at such an appalling responsibility? Where is the warrant for his being the judge, and making his mere opinion fatal to the devoted objects of his assumed powers?"

The jury was out all night, and in the morning returned with a verdict of guilty.

This verdict is not to be considered as attaching the *stigma of a crime*—in the common acceptation of the word—to the prisoner. His error, if he erred at all, was an *error* of judgment. He seems throughout to have been actuated by a desire to save life.

It is a difficult matter to say whether the verdict of the Jury is, or is not correct. It is clear that there was no intent to commit a *crime* in the case of the prisoner. His preservation of Isabella Edgar's life, and his subsequent kindness to the passengers, forbids such a supposition. Now, ought a crime to be *imputed* to him, on account of any error in judgment, even supposing such an error was made? This is a question of policy. If convicted at all, *he was to be convicted in order that he might serve as an example—in order that through his punishment a great legal and moral law might be asserted.* Divested of all unnecessary matter, this is the true state of the case. Much may be said on both sides. Honest men might differ honestly on the question. We are not surprised at the decision of the jury, we should not have been surprised had it been different. But the case of Holmes is peculiarly hard. If ever a man is to be pitied, he is. As he said, after the verdict, "it is hard that I am to be convicted on the evidence of the very persons whose lives I saved."

The Judge was anxious for the conviction of the prisoner, in order that the law of self-preservation at sea might be definitively asserted in this country. His honor is understood to be in favor of a merely nominal punishment.

The Counsel for Holmes, moved in arrest of judgment, and for a new trial. As the reasons filed chiefly go on the ground that the law, as stated by Judge Baldwin, was incorrect, there is but a slight chance that a new trial will be awarded.

Emigration to Oregon.

A meeting has been held in the Western part of Missouri, for the purpose of organizing a company to emigrate to the Oregon Territory; thirty were enrolled, and pledged themselves for the expedition. A committee was appointed to visit the neighboring counties for the purpose of enlisting others in the enterprise. The emigrants take their families with them, and look forward to a permanent settlement beyond the Rocky Mountains. Oregon will be soon brought under a Territorial Government, and recognised as a part of the United States. Migration will settle the country, and determine the bounds of the Territory, before diplomacy is likely to fix it; it will be a subject then for future difficulty, unless Mr. Linn, who has taken this territory under his charge, should urge it to a determination at once.

Philadelphia Conference.

The Methodist Conference adjourned on Thursday afternoon, April 14th. We have been kindly furnished with a copy of the appointments which were made for the ensuing year, from which we copy those for the Philadelphia Districts. It will no doubt be gratifying to a large portion of our citizens, to learn that the Rev. Wm. Barns, has again been assigned to Pottsville.

North Philadelphia District—S. Higgins, P. E.

Pottsville—William Barns. Minersville, Joseph Aspril. Tamaqua, Thomas Mack. Reading, Jos. Mason. St. George's, J. B. Hagany, E. Cooper, Sup. Nazareth, W. A. Wiggins. Eighth street, James H. McFarland. Fifth street, Anthony Atwood. Kensington, J. S. Inskip. St. John's, John D. Onins. Harmony, James Ashton. Sanctuary, L. Storks, Zoar, Geo. Wiltshire, Sup. Cohocksink, H. E. Gilroy. Philadelphia City Mission, to be supplied. Frankford, J. L. Taft. Bristol, R. W. Thomas, J. Walsh. Manayunk, Wm. Urie. Germantown, J. A. Roche, Wm. H. Gilder, Sup. Milestown, W. M'Comb. Lehman's Chapel miss., James Harmer, J. Allen, M. H. Sisty, Sup. Rising Sun, J. R. Merril. Doylestown miss., D. D. Lore, J. Ruth. Easton, Elijah Miller. Richmond, Jos. Elsegood. Stoddardsville, to be supplied. Mauch Chunk, J. A. Boyle. Pottstown, Jas. Flannary. Norristown, D. Shields. Stroudsburg, D. E. Gardener, one to be supplied.

South Philadelphia District.—James Smith, P. E.

Union, Joseph Castle, M. Sourin, Sup. Ebenezer, P. Coombe. Salem, James Neill. St. Paul's, T. J. Thompson. Western church, R. M. Greenbank. Trinity church, John Kennaday. Mariners' Bethel, John Ladnum, J. Woolson, Sup. Fair Mount, P. J. Cox. Bethesda, W. H. Elliott. Asbury, H. G. King, John Wesley, James Mitchell, Sup. Haddington, Wm. W. McMichael. Chester, D. Dailey, Thomas Sumption, J. Talley, Sup. Radnor, George Lacey, C. J. Crouch. Phœnixville, Thos. S. Johnson. Susquehanna miss., John Edwards, J. H. Wythe. Harrisburg, Jos. Lybrand. Hallifax, Eliphalet Reed. Springfield, J. B. Ayres, A. W. Milby. Dauphin, Wm. Cooper, J. W. Arthur. Columbia, Joshua Humphries. Lancaster, S. H. Higgins. J. P. Durbin, President of Dickinson College. Levi Scott, Principal of the Grammar School.

The next Conference will be held in the Trinity Church, Philadelphia, April 5, 1843.

The Sandwich Islands.

We have news from the Sandwich Islands to the 27th of November. The Polynesian of that date has the following interesting news.

The Vincennes had a narrow escape from shipwreck at the bar at the mouth of the bay of St. Francisco. She had left the harbor, and while on the bar, the wind died away, and it was necessary to anchor the ship in seven fathoms water. The tide changed, and heavy rollers set in, which broke alongside. Their weight and volume with the noise, were terrific. One broke on board, flooded the decks, and by starting the spare spars from their lashings on the spar deck, occasioned the death of a marine. The next morning a breeze sprang up, and she was enabled to leave her dangerous situation.

The squadron proceed hence to Manilla, Singapore, Cape of Good Hope and the U. States, to arrive the ensuing summer.

Late intelligence from the Oregon confirms previous accounts in regard to missionary operations in that quarter. The most intelligent of the mission appear to be convinced that from the fewness of the Indians, their decreasing numbers and migratory habits, little good can be effected among them. Some of the mission are preparing to leave. At the principal Methodist station, on the Williamette, there are no Indians within seventy miles, and the missionaries have become farmers, have built good houses, and are rapidly accumulating property. As settlers we wish them every success, but advise them to drop the missionary in their communications homeward.

The John Howland, Captain Whitfield, which arrived here on Saturday last, brought five natives of one of the small islands in the vicinity of Japan. They were taken from a small uninhabited island near the Bonin group, where they had been for some time, having blown there by a gale, while out fishing in a small boat.

The Nestorian Bishop.

The Nestorian, who has been in most of our large cities, has left Washington for Richmond. He will go to Charleston, Mobile, New Orleans, St. Louis, and ascend the Illinois, go to Chicago, and journey by the great lakes to Detroit, thence to Buffalo, the Falls of Niagara, on to Montreal, Quebec and Halifax, and thence to England by one of the steamers. The Bishop speaks in high terms of our country and its institutions, and is amazed at the degree of intelligence possessed by the masses of people. His visit here has interested the religious community a good deal, and crowds have flocked to see him and to hear him. He is a learned man, and like all men of real merit, modest, humble and unassuming in his [illegible] his native costume and in public appears with a rich turban. He wears two robes, a black silk over a scarlet, both very neatly and simply arranged. His beard is long, and he wears a mustache. Among the curiosities he has brought with him is a Bible, said to have been written a thousand years since, and in the Armenian language, which language of course he reads with great fluency. The Bible is written upon parchment, with marginal notes in red ink. The Bishop speaks the English language with considerable fluency, and understands nearly all that is said to him in English. In two or three little parties which have been prepared for him in Washington city, he has created a most lively interest in his own welfare, and a great interest, too, in the success of his people, who are distinguished from the many around them by many peculiarities of language, habit and climate. He writes from right to left, according to the Hebrew custom, and has left in more places than one a good name behind. The ladies interested in such curiosities have procured a great many autographs from him, which they keep as pleasant reminiscences of a remarkable man and a peculiar people.

Tragedies at Louisville.

The Louisville Journal of Wednesday last, notices a fire which took place the day before, and says—

"After the fire was extinguished, a man, half burned up, was discovered in the cellar, with a spaniel dog lying by him, also partly consumed by the flames. From the circumstances of the man's being found on what seemed to be the remnants of a straw pallet, and of the dog lying by him, it was supposed by some that the man and his dog were killed, and that the house was set on fire to conceal the deed; but this is not probable. The man came to the house (a tippling tavern) a few days ago, has since been drunk several times, and was probably drunk when the house took fire; and if so, it is not surprising that he never rose from his pallet. As to the dog, it is not known that he belonged to the dead man. The owner of the house was arrested, but was soon set at liberty, there not being sufficient ground for detaining him.

When the fire was nearly extinguished, a poor old man, named Patton, who resided in the immediate neighborhood, was murdered by James McLaughlin, the keeper of a coffee-house on Water street, and a notorious outlaw. Patton was in his alley, restoring to his house furniture which he had removed in apprehension of the fire. McL. found him there, plunged a Bowie knife in his side, and then through his hand into his breast, and left him with the knife in his breast. Patton then walked to his door, with the knife still sticking in his bosom, and, seating himself on his steps, withdrew the knife, declared that he was dying, and, in the presence of witnesses, stated that the deed was done by McL., and that he (McL.) had murdered him because he was a witness in a case pending against McLaughlin for biting off a man's nose. The knife has been identified as McLaughlin's.

We omitted to mention that a man broke his leg in jumping from the second story window of the burning house.

Final Negotiations with England.

It is rumored with confidence that the difficulties between this country and England will be arranged and finally settled amicably. The rumor is based on intelligence from England by the Great Western, that Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Everett had, in negotiating, arrived at such results as formed a fair basis upon which terms of settlement for all the questions in dispute between the two countries could be formed. The special messengers, arrived in the steamer, were charged, it is stated, with the outlines of the negotiation for confirmation by this government. The results arrived at by Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Everett were hastened by a concurrence of events. The state of affairs in the East rendered it imperative upon the English government to remove, without delay, all cause of disquiet in this country, and the mission of Lord Ashburton naturally prompted Mr. Everett to be active, in order not to have the business taken out of his hands. Lord Ashburton's visit, it is said, was never meant to result in any practical settlement. These reports, if true, are of the highest importance to the country. To them is ascribed the recent advance in stocks and other prices.

Marriage and Murder.

An affray recently occurred at a wedding party in La Grange, Tennessee, a few days ago, which ended in the death of David Jarnegan, Esq. A Mr. Morgan, it appears, had eloped with the daughter of the deceased, and Jarnegan, on learning the fact, became very indignant. Taking a few friends he reached the house where the marriage party was assembled. He forced the door and entered, when an attack was commenced, and the bridal festivities were soon changed into a scene of blood. Several were wounded in the affray beside Jarnegan.

The Prisoners in Mexico.

The most strenuous efforts are being made by the friends of Kendall for his release. They assert that he was ignorant of the hostile character of the Santa Fe expedition, even supposing the intention of that expedition to have been warlike. They further say, that had he known the expedition was a hostile one, the only punishment inflicted on him should have been an expulsion from the territories of Mexico. The papers in his case have been laid before our Government, and it is rumored that our minister will demand his own passports, or Kendall's release.

The sufferings of the prisoners at Mexico still continue extreme. The Picayune of the 13th instant contains a letter from Mexico, recounting their trials. The writer says:

"When I passed through Puebla, on my way to Vera Cruz, I saw about seventy of the party which had been with General McLeod at San Christoval. They were all in chains, and were compelled to work in a quarry near that town. Among them were Captain Hudson, Lieutenants Johnson, Ostrander, Casey and Alexander, together with Messrs. T. G. Howard, Snively and Buchanan, merchants. There was no distinction made between the officers and the men. They complained of the treatment they received, and that Mexican criminals were confined with them, some of whom acted as their overseers."

General McLeod, Captains Houghton and Strain, and Lieutenants Holliday and Henry, are confined in the castle of Perote, with the rest of the party. I was told at Perote that they also are in chains and made to work.

I think some inquiry should be made respecting Mr. Dryden, an American resident in Mexico. When we arrived at Chihuahua, we found Mr. Dryden in confinement, and he had been in chains. General McLeod, Senor Navorro and Mr. G. Van Ness were examined separately and privately at Chihuahua, in order, if possible, to confirm the suspicions entertained against him. Their evidence, however, exculpated him. I do not know if he has since been released.

A Delicate Compliment.

A compliment of the most delicate kind was lately paid to the young and lovely Princess of Hesse Darmstadt, who has just married the heir of the Russian empire, by her father-in-law, the emperor Nicholas. On arriving at St. Petersburg and being conducted to her apartments, she found them completely furnished, even to the most minute details of footstools, &c., exactly in the same style as the suite of rooms at the Castle of Darmstadt, in which she had laughed away the happy hours of childhood.

On the drawing-room table was placed a small silver bell. The Emperor requested the Princess to try whether the bell had the same sound as that which she had at Darmstadt. The Princess shook the bell, when suddenly the doors were thrown open, and all the old and faithful servants, to whom she had bid adieu, and whom she thought were then in the castle at Darmstadt, rushed in and overwhelmed the Princess with their acclamations of joy, at being still allowed to serve her whom they had watched over from the hour of her birth. The young Princess was overcome with joyful surprise, and poured forth in glowing terms the expression of her gratitude to her imperial father-in-law.

A compliment of like character was delicately paid by Napoleon to Maria Theresa at their marriage. The romantic manner in which the great warrior met his bride in the road, in defiance of all etiquette, is well known. On their arrival at the Tuilleries the young empress was still further agreeably surprised to find the furniture which she had left in her favorite apartment at Vienna, now gracing her boudoir in Paris. Even her bird cage, with its tenant, was there to welcome her.

Justice of the Indian.

An event took place at Prarie Du Chien, lately, which strongly marks the savage character. Two Indians of the Winnebago nation, quarrelled, upon which one stabbed the other to the heart; he made almost superhuman efforts to escape, but the moment his pursuers touched him, he surrendered and walked back, and seated himself upon the dead body, without once attempting to escape. The relatives of the dead Indian placed him upon the body, when several gentlemen interfered in behalf of the captive, and requested that he might be allowed to go, because he was not so much in fault as the other. They were answered, that, if "white men" would pay fifteen dollars to the mother of the deceased, he might go, otherwise he must die. This condition not being complied with, he was doomed. During this negociation the savage sat upon the body of his foe, smoking his pipe, perfectly indifferent as to the issue, and when told he must die, he deliberately removed his pipe, giving the usual "Ugh!" His executioner then stepped behind him, and with a single blow of the hatchet, severed the right arm at the shoulder: upon this the Indian resumed his pipe, and began to smoke as if nothing had happened; in a short time the executioner, with a blow, severed the left arm. The Indian still retained his upright position, not a muscle of his face changing; a third blow across the small of the back brought him to the ground; even then his countenance wore the same cold, serene and stoic impression. He was, however, soon cut in pieces by the relatives of the dead man. This was an instance of Indian retribution and savage fortitude.

Bankruptcy Decision.

Judge Munroe recently decided the following points in a case before the U. S. District Court of Kentucky. The petitioner filed an affidavit that a portion of his creditors, since the filing of his petition, had sued out execution and were about to sell his property, and asking the interference of the Court. The Court ruled:

1st. That the decree of Bankruptcy, when rendered, relates to the time of filing the petition, and the assignee will have a right to recover, in trover, the value of any property taken and sold upon executions issuing after the filing of the petition.

2d. That the assignee will have no right to recover the value of property sold under an execution, after the filing the petition, but which was issued and levied before the petition was filed.

3d. That whether or not the assignee will have a right to recover the value of property, taken into execution, which issued before the filing the petition, but which was levied upon and sold after the filing of the petition, is a vexed question, and not decided.

From Halifax.

Halifax papers to the 20th inst. have been received, bringing intelligence that orders have been received at Halifax, by the Britannia, for the 64th and 76th regiments, stationed at that place, to hold themselves in readiness to proceed to England, and thence to the East Indies.

A notice has been issued by the Post Office Department at Halifax, that all papers received at that office by the Cunard and West India lines, will hereafter be charged two pence half-penny, (four cents) for each paper; and papers deposited in that office to go by these vessels will be charged the same. Instructions are also given to the officers of these vessels not to carry any papers unless they have passed through the Post Office.

New Publications.

GRAHAM'S LADY'S AND GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, *May*, 1842.—The May number of this elegant and popular monthly, is already issued with increased attractions. It is doubtful, if engravings of equal beauty ever adorned an American work,—and as the publisher expended *over two thousand dollars on the engravings of the May number alone*, some idea may be formed of their excellency, and of the patronage of a work that can amply afford it. As, however, it is not our place to *puff* the work, though we may be allowed to state facts, we append the following notices from disinterested papers.

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The May number of this charming periodical is already upon our table, and it would be injustice to the enterprising publisher, were we to omit giving it, at least, a passing notice. Opposed, as we are to *puffing* Eastern papers and periodicals, we should be "sinning against light and knowledge," were we not to pronounce the Magazine decidedly the most valuable, interesting and splendid monthly which emanates from that or any other quarter. There are five engravings in this number, which surpass in beauty and elegance, any of the many numerous embellishments which have heretofore decorated that work. Indeed, a greater number of rich embellishments never adorned the pages of any American Magazine."—*Watchman, Circleville, Ohio.*

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The May number of this well-conducted periodical, is embellished with three engravings, in addition to a plate of the fashions beautifully colored and two pages of music. It contains original papers by J. H. Dana, E. A. Poe, Park Benjamin, George Lunt, Miss Leslie, G. R. Graham, C. J. Peterson, and other well-known writers. The number is a good one in all its various departments—creditable to the enterprising publisher and to the periodical literature of the country. We shall lose no time in transferring several of the best articles to our first page."—*Inquirer, Philadelphia.*

"GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The May number of Graham is one of the best that we have seen. Messrs. Poe, Dana, G. P. Morris, Lunt, Mesdames Parson, Embury and Osgood, and Miss Leslie, are among the contributors. The first picture is 'The Bride,' an exquisite representation of a lovely female, and the other is a scene on the beautiful lake Winnepiseogee. These are things to look at, representations of God's work, that teach us to admire what are before us, and to love their author."—*United States Gazette.*

THE LADY'S WORLD OF FASHION, *for May.*—This number of this elegant and popular periodical is embellished with a splendid engraving illustrative of the Carrier Pigeon, designed expressly for this work by Croome, and engraved on steel in the best style of the art by Cushman. The beauty of the design has already received the praise of many journals of taste. This Magazine is the first one which has given engravings furnished from designs made expressly for it. The other illustration is a plate of the May Fashions, engraved by J. J. Pease, Esq., and handsomely colored. This engraving contains three full length and three half length figures.

The contents of the number are unusually rich. Among the original contributors are Mrs. M. V. Spencer, Mrs. C. K. Pownell, Miss Ellen Ashton, L. F. Tasistro, William Wallace, Miss M. Symmes, J. S. Jenkins, Edward Young and S. D. Anderson. We give one of the tales, "THE MALE FAIRY," on our last page. The price of this Magazine is but $2,00 per annum, being one dollar less than the other magazines.

We annex the opinions of a few of the press.

"This is a charming Magazine of literature and fashion. There is a beauty and finish about this work—the printing, the engravings, the compositions and all which charms the eye and excites the admiration. Subscribe for it friends."—*Findlay Courier.*

"This is the *best monthly periodical in the market*, and the price is two dollars. Those who wish to subscribe for a monthly periodical will find it for their advantage to subscribe for this.—*Granite State Democrat.*

"We noticed the advent of this periodical a month since. Mr. Head, 95 East Bay, has sent us the May number. Its embellishments consist of a plate of the Fashions, and a pretty engraving "The Carrier Pigeon," intended to illustrate the song set to music. In every particular of execution, this periodical is in the neatest style of art, and marvellous cheap withal."—*Charleston Mercury.*

PRACTICAL GEOLOGY AND MINERALOGY; WITH INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE QUALITATIVE ANALYSIS OF MINERALS—*by Joshua Trimmer, F. G. S.*—1 *vol.*—*Lea & Blanchard.*—This is an excellent elementary treatise on geology. The plan of it is somewhat different from, and we think more preferable than those of other works on the same subject, hitherto published. Geology cannot be properly understood without a knowledge of mineralogy, and the great difficulty in the study of mineralogy with persons who cannot have access to cabinets of specimens, is the impossibility of identifying the minerals spoken of with those they see in their walks. Our author, to obviate this difficulty as far as possible, has given numerous chemical and mineralogical details which cannot fail to be of great service, and which stamp his work with a characteristic not shared by other writers on the same subject. The author says, in his preface, that in the purely geological part of the work it has been his aim to confine himself to facts and classifications, and those limited inferences which have received the assent of all geologists, keeping out of sight, as much as the nature of the subject will permit, questions affecting the higher generalizations which are still, and must long continue, matters of controversy. This is the right ground to be assumed in an elementary treatise. The work is illustrated with wood-cuts, and handsomely printed. The American publishers have added a glossary to their edition of the treatise.

THE TWO ADMIRALS—*by J. Fennimore Cooper*—2 *vols.*—*Lea & Blanchard.*—This is one of the best of Cooper's sea-romances, and on the sea he is unrivalled. He has undertaken, in the "Two Admirals," to describe the evolutions of fleets at sea, and his success has been decided. Some of the scenes in these volumes are thrilling, equalling anything he has heretofore produced, either in the Red Rover, the Water Witch, or the best of his former novels. We are glad to see our fellow countryman back again on the ocean. Amid the thunder of the hurricane, the darkness of a stormy night, or the peril of a lee shore in a gale, he is unrivalled, attaining a loftiness and power to which no other writer, whether here or in England, has reached. This novel will be read with avidity.

THE LADY'S BOOK, *for May*, is on our table in advance. This number is embellished with two fine match pictures, entitled "Morning and Evening Devotions,"—from the burin of A. L. Dick. They are excellent both in design and execution. The fashion plate contains four figures handsomely colored.

The contents, so far as we have had an opportunity to examine them, are varied and interesting. Miss Sedgwick's tale is continued, with a promise that it shall be completed in the next number. Arthur has one of his practical essays, dressed up in the garb of a story. Miss L[illegible]'s tale is continued. The other articles we have not had leisure to look over.

THE LADY'S MUSICAL LIBRARY, *for May*, is a good number. Among the contents we notice the five Elssler quadrilles, with the figures annexed. Mrs. Norton's Fanny Grey, is also given. The original pieces are, "Mountain Quick Step," "Lady Waltz," "The Moonlit Dell," and "Do None Remember Me?" Altogether, the number fully sustains the reputation of this work, of whose merits we have so often spoken, that it would be prolix to repeat our commendations now.

The City.

☞ Two omnibuses came into sudden collision on Monday morning between ten and eleven o'clock in Chesnut above Ninth street, in front of the Markoe Mansion, where in consequence of that building undergoing alterations, there is a quantity of building materials in the street. By the shock, one of the drivers named Jonathan Michener, a man of between fifty and sixty years of age, was thrown from his seat and against the curb, by which the vertebræ was instantaneously broken, and the unfortunate man soon expired. The other driver, James Eddy, was immediately arrested, and taken before Mayor Scott; but as it was proved that there was no rivalry in the matter, as both were driving for one proprietor; and that they had always been on good terms with each other; and that in the meanwhile the Coroner's jury had returned a verdict of "accidental death," and exonerating Eddy from all blame;—he was discharged.

☞ Dr. Conwell, Premier Catholic Bishop of the State of Pennsylvania, died at his residence, in Willing's alley, next door to St. Joseph's Church, on Friday morning week. The deceased was ninety-four years of age, and had been twenty-two years Bishop of this State. Bishop Conwell was a native of Ireland. For several years prior to his death, the venerable prelate had been blind.

The funeral obsequies were celebrated on Tuesday in St. Joseph's Church. Bishop Kenrick officiated, assisted by a large number of clergymen. The concourse of persons in attendance was very great. The body of the dead Bishop was placed in a coffin, in the main aisle, and excited no little attention, being robed in full pontificals. Bishop Kenrick delivered an appropriate address, and the ceremonies throughout were imposing and solemn.

☞ On Monday, about noon, a most melancholy accident took place in Franklin Square. An elderly gentleman who was standing just outside the railing which surrounds the fountain, (which was in full play at the time) was observed to stagger a few steps and fall. Several persons who were sitting on the benches on the outside of the circle ran to, and raised him, but he gave no sign of life, he was dead before they reached him. The body was removed to a neighboring house, and the Coroner held an inquest upon it. It was found that his name was John Scott, that he came from Wilmington, Del. and the cause of his death was an enlargement of the heart.

☞ Mr. Hemphill, Treasurer of the Guardians of the Poor, has resigned his office, stating that there was a deficiency in his accounts of nearly $20,000, for which, however, he assigned over to the Guardians real estate. The office he held has been without a salary, the treasurer using the funds in his hands as an equivalent for his services. Mr. Hemphill, built a hotel and other houses in Broad street, but being unable to dispose of them, the deficiency in his accounts occurred. The treasurer ought to be paid, and not permitted to use the funds in his hands for purposes of business or speculation.

☞ On Sunday evening, a dog giving every evidence of hydrophobia, was killed near the corner of Third and Gaskill street, and it was but the preceding Sunday that another case of the kind occurred at Third and Pine street, in which instance, we believe, the animal was chased into Saint Peter's Church yard, and there despatched.

☞ On Tuesday, Captain Whillden brought around from New York, the steamboat Balloon, for the purpose of running her on our river. The time from wharf to wharf was 19 hours and 45 minutes.

☞ Rev. Joel Parker, D. D. has resigned the Presidency of the N. Y. Theological Seminary, and accepted a call from the Congregational Church in this city, (late Mr. Todd's.)

☞ The public squares has been open for a week.

Virginia State Election.

The election for State officers took place in Virginia on the 28th inst. There are twelve Senators to be elected—eight from the expiration of terms, and four from resignations. The Richmond Whig supposes that the Whigs will lose the Senators from the Botetourt and Hanover Districts, and save those in the Ohio and Kenawha Districts, making the Senate a [illegible], as it is now.

SATURDAY POST.

Terms of Subscription, &c.

$2 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1,25 in advance or six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office *removed from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

Bank Note List.

BANK NOTE LIST,

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY E. W. CLARK & CO. BROKERS,
No. 25 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, April 30th, 1842.

PENNSYLVANIA.	
Philadelphia banks,	par
Mechanics Bk.	10 dis
Man. and Mec. bk.	17 dis
Moyamensing bank	15 dis
Penn Township bank	17 dis
U. S. Bank notes,	60 dis
Girard do.	50 dis
Penna. do.	15 dis
Germantown,	par
Delaware co. at Chester,	par
Chester co. at W. Chest'r	par
Montgomery county,	par
Farmers bk Bucks co.	par
Farmers bk Reading,	8 dis
Easton,	par
Northampton,	15 dis
Lancaster bank,	5½ dis
Farmers bk Lancaster,	8 dis
Lebanon,	8 dis
Harrisburg,	10 dis
Middletown,	8 dis
Carlisle,	9 dis
Columbia Bridge,	8 dis
Northumberland,	8 dis
Miners bk at Potts.	8 dis
Wy'g bk Wilkesbarre,	15 dis
Pitts. demand notes,	5 dis
" Certificates,	5 dis
" Post notes,	5 dis
Towanda,	—
York,	8 dis
Gettysburg,	9 dis
Chambersburg,	10 dis
Waynesburg p notes,	25 dis
" demand notes,	25 dis
Brownsville p. notes,	10 dis
" demand notes,	10 dis
Erie,	25 dis
Berks county bank,	60 dis
Honesdale,	10 dis
Bk Susquehanna co.	15 dis
Lewistown,	25 dis
Lumb'n's bk Warren,	no sale
West Branch bank,	55 dis
DISTRICT OF COL'MB'A.	
Washington City,	1 dis
Georgetown,	1 dis
Farmers & Mechanics,	1 dis
Alexandria,	1 dis
Bank of Alexandria,	broke
Mechanics bank,	broke
Franklin bank,	no sale
Merchant's bank,	do
VIRGINIA.	
Bk of Va & branches,	8½ dis
Farmer's bk & brchs,	8½ dis
Valley bk & branches,	8½ dis
Ex. bk & branches,	8½ dis
Wheeling,	15 dis
Wheeling post notes,	15 dis
OHIO.	
Cincinnati	10 dis
Bank notes,	no sale
ILLINOIS.	
Bank of Illinois,	no sale
State bank,	no sale
KENTUCKY.	
Notes,	12 dis
INDIANA.	
Notes,	15 dis

NEW YORK.	
New York City,	1 dis
Tenth Ward bank,	fraud
North River Bank'g Co.	do
City Trust & Bank'g Co.	do
Globe Bank,	do
Wool Growers bank,	failed
Country banks,	1½ dis
Except bank of Columbia, Green Co., Hudson, Middle Districts, Plattsburg, Niagara, Wash. and Warren, Wash. Man. Co., Wayne County bank, Merchants & Planters,	Broken.
Delaware Co. bank,	fraud
Exchange bk Po'keepsie,	do
Potsdam Manu'ing Co.	do
Red Backs,	2 dis
MARYLAND.	
Baltimore banks,	1 dis
Patapsco banks,	2 dis
Mineral bank,	10 dis
Cohen Jr & Br's. bank,	30 dis
Fredericktown,	3 dis
Hagerstown,	3 dis
Westminster,	3 dis
Williamsport,	10 dis
Cumberland,	7 dis
Salisbury,	11 dis
Franklin bank,	30 dis
Susquehanna,	broke
Millington,	broke
Frederick County bk.	3 dis
Broken banks,	various prices
Balt'e & Ohio R R notes,	50 dis
NEW JERSEY.	
Mechanics' and Manufacturers bk at Trenton,	par
Princeton bank,	par
State bank at Camden,	par
Cumberland bank,	par
Mount Holly,	par
Salem Banking Co.	par
New Hope Del. Bridge,	—
Tren. Banking Co. old	par
New plate,	par
All other banks,	par
Farmers and Mechanics bk of N. Brunswick,	no sale
Hoboken bking & G Co.	broke
Washington banking Co.	do
Franklin bank,	do
Jersey City bank,	do
Monmouth,	do
N. J. Manufacturing Co.	do
Protection and Lombard,	do
Salem & Phil. Man. Co.	do
State bank at Trenton,	do
Bank of New Brunswick,	do
Mechanics bk Patterson,	do
DELAWARE.	
Bank of Delaware,	par
Wilmington and Bran.	par
Farmer's bk Delaware,	par
Union bank,	par
Bank of Smyrna,	par

Exchange on New York,	½ a ¾ dis
" Boston,	" "
" Baltimore,	½ a ¾ dis
Specie,	par
Country Relief Notes,	15 dis

The Money Market.

State fives have been on the advance for a week, and are now 10 per cent. above their rate at our last quotations. This rise is to be attributed to reviving confidence in our various stock institutions as well as in the State security. Money is easier than it has been. Business, however, still continues light.

The banks are all paying specie as it is demanded, and the chief of our circulation under $5 is coin. There is no run on any of them, and they all profess to receive more specie than they pay out. The stock of the suspended city banks continues to rise with the stock of those that have resumed.

The Chamber of Commerce of New York, after a long and able debate, has resolved not to petition Congress for a Tariff.

It will be seen, by a paragraph in another column, that the Kentucky Bank has assumed the false certificates of stock issued by the Schuylkill Bank.

The rates of discount on country paper both in Pennsylvania and in other States, may be seen by a reference to our Bank Note List.

The sales of stocks during the week have been at the following rates.

Sales of Stocks.

By the Philadelphia Board of Brokers, for the week ending Thursday.

			Price sold for.
1510	shares	Camden & Amboy R. R.	68a70
193	do.	United States Bank,	3
150	do.	Girard Bank,	2¼
143	do.	Mechanics Bank,	12
119	do.	Phil. Wil. & Balt. R. R.	10½a14
100	do.	Reading R. R.	20
36	do.	Schuylkill Navigation Co.	30
25	do.	Vicksburg Bank,	1¼
20	do.	Union Insurance Co.	42½
$1320		United States Bank Notes,	55 per ct discount.

Late from Mexico.

A late arrival from Vera Cruz brings the generally accredited report, that Santa Anna had negotiated a loan with Englishmen for several millions of dollars, and had agreed to deliver the Californias into their hands, until the money should be returned.

The public mind, it is said, is in an unsettled state in Mexico—there was thought to be a strong party opposed to Santa Anna, and some people went so far as to anticipate another revolution. Rumors were also afloat that Santa Anna would declare himself emperor, and seize on the property of the church, should the clergy oppose him. About 20,000 troops were stationed in the capital, 4,000 at Xalapa, 4,000 at Vera Cruz, and considerable bodies were said to be in the nothern department. There was no talk of invading Texas. The prisoners were still made to work in chains. Two of them, however, one by the name of Howard, had effected their escape.

It appears that the city of San Miguel has received with open arms General Morazan, whose defeat, by General Carrera, two years ago, is so vividly described by our traveller, Stevens.

Dr. Rafael Gutierrez Martinez, and some other Mexicans of note, were, on the 20th of March, assassinated in their houses, by a band of fifty aboriginals, near Quechutenango.

The Commercial Bulletin, in speaking of the report of the mortgaging in California, says:

"The rumor is not at all improbable. Great Britain is ever hankering after new acquisitions, and the Mexican possessions on the Gulf of California and the adjacent coasts present certainly very strong temptations to the covetous and ambitious. The country is represented to be the finest in North America; having a fertile soil and a salubrious climate. The Pacific shore is indented with many bays and seaports, some of which furnish the best anchorage in the world. To Englishmen, this feature of the country makes it particularly desirable. The territory extends through many degrees of latitude, having a seacoast of a thousand miles, counting both shores of the peninsula and running far into the interior, where the boundaries have never been accurately defined. The area of the two californias must be fully equal in extent to the twenty-six States of our Union.

"Here is room for a large kingdom, which would soon grow to be flourishing and populous if it were in the hands of the English or the Americans. In the hands of the Mexicans it will ever remain stationary, or relapse into the state of nature in which the Jesuits found the country two hundred years ago. At present, the region can be of little or no value to Mexico. It is very remote from the seat of government, and being thinly inhabited, by a people poor, indolent, and destitute of enterprise, can yield little or no revenue to compensate the expense of keeping up a form of civil and military organization. Another motive that doubtless induces the Mexican authorities to part with the domain, is the conviction, every day growing stronger, that they cannot hold possession much longer. The American settlements on the Oregon, and the Texans on the Rio Grande, will, ere long, be making encroachments, and between them must swallow up the whole region stretching across from the Del Norte to the Pacific Ocean. Under the circumstances, it is not to be wondered at if an arrangement of the kind has been concluded between Mexico and England."

Whole Shoals.

The New Bedford Mercury mentions that *three hundred and twenty thousand* herrings were caught with scoop nets by the fishermen in the Awagam River near Wareham, on Saturday afternoon. Sufficient for the day certainly.

General News.

☞ The Tallahassee Floridian mentions the capture of two Indians, and the killing of three, by a party of regulars and volunteers. Also, that a body of Indians from Middle Florida, recently visited San Pedro, attacked the house of a Mr. Grigg, and wounded three persons. On the 3d inst. a man was shot between New Town and Sandy Ford, and his mule killed. On the 5th, two negroes were killed, and a third wounded, belonging to a Mr. Smith. On the 7th, a soldier belonging to Company H, 3d regiment, was shot, within three and a half miles of Fort Pleasant, in Madison county. The troops in that quarter have been in active pursuit.

☞ The New York Commercial says:—"A morning paper reports an accident to the British schooner Pantaloon, at Cape Roxo, on the West coast of Africa, toward the end of February. The report is, that the Pantaloon went ashore; that the crew were attacked by the natives, but succeeded in beating them off, killing a number, and taking about twenty prisoners. The schooner was got off, and proceeded to the river Gambia with the prisoners. None of the schooner's crew were killed. This news is said to have been brought by the barque Gentleman, whose arrival we announced the other day."

☞ The Cincinnati Gazette says:—"The number of emigrants who have left this city for the Northern part of Illinois and Iowa Territory, by the way of St. Louis, as we are informed by officers of the boats, has been unusually large this season. Boats leave our landing almost daily, crowded with substantial emigrants from the back country, with their live stock and farming apparatus, bent upon seeking their fortunes in the distant wilderness. The principal number seem to pitch upon the Territory of Iowa, as their settlement."

☞ Maine papers are again discussing the Boundary Question. They say that Lord Ashburton is empowered to propose a conventional line of boundary, and that the President is anxious for Maine and Massachusetts to appoint Commissioners to consider the matter. The papers generally are in favor of extra sessions of the Legislatures, but the Belfast Signal says, that as much as Maine wishes this question concluded, the feeling is no less strong in the State, that all the other questions with England shall be settled at the same time.

☞ Two of the leading parties in the Helderberg outbreak, Jacob H. Martin and Palmer Bouton, were on Friday sentenced at Albany: Martin to pay a fine of two hundred and fifty dollars and thirty days imprisonment, or five months, in case the one be not paid at the expiration of the thirty days; Bouton to pay a fine of one hundred and fifty dollars, and thirty days imprisonment, and a further imprisonment of four months, in the event of the fine not being paid.

☞ Both Houses of Congress visited the steamers on Friday. The Madisonian describes the scene as having been animated and gratifying. On the approach of the President, heads of departments, and officers of the Army and Navy, the band struck up "Hail Columbia;" and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired in quick succession. Music again succeeded, and its sweet sounds afforded a delightful contrast to the thunder of the deafening cannon.

☞ The forty-fourth British regiment, which has been annihilated by the Affghans, formed part of Gen. Packenham's army at the battle of New Orleans; it was then under Col. Mullens, and was disgraced there for not bringing up the *fascines* in time, and to this circumstance the disasters of that fatal day were attributed. The regiment then lost their colors, and were sent to India to regain them.

☞ A detachment of the Bangor police, a few nights since, came across and dispersed a gang of twenty-five men, blackened and otherwise disfigured, manfully engaged in attacking a house, with a view of demolishing it, in which there were SIX CHILDREN—the parents being absent. Unfortunately none of the HEROES could be identified, and consequently they escaped the merited reward of their valor.

☞ A man in Troy named Christian Burk, murdered his wife on Monday morning in a most brutal manner. He deliberately took an axe from a wood-pile, went into the house and mangled her in a most shocking manner. She is spoken of in the Troy Whig, as an industrious and inoffensive woman. He was intemperate. Rum again the cause. The wretch was arrested and acknowledged the act.

☞ It is rumored, says the New York Express, that the Hungarian Brothers have been robbed and murdered somewhere near Puerto Principe, and that two of the robbers were found dead near them, and from traces of blood that were found, it is presumed that others were wounded. If this be true, it is probable they made some resistance, but being slightly armed were overpowered.

☞ An unfortunate affair occured in King George county, Va., last week. A personal difficulty had existed between Mr. C. H. B. Ashton, and a man named Parker. Ashton called Parker from his own house to his gate, and shot him in the abdomen. Parker is still living, but his wounds are very bad. Ashton has fled from the county, and the officers are in pursuit of him.

☞ The Morris and Essex Rail Road, N. J., was on Monday last, sold to the mortgagees for the sum of fifty-six thousand dollars. By an act passed at the last session of the Legislature, the Stockholders have the right to redeem the road for the space of thirty days after the time of the sale, by paying the amount for which it was sold, and the interest thereon.

☞ A violent storm of hail and rain visited Peoria, Illinois, on the 12th inst. It commenced about 8 o'clock in the evening, coming from the South. The hail stones broke the windows of public and private buildings, and the torrents of water did considerable damage to the property. The Register mentions that the storm had extended far into the interior.

☞ The New York Sun, alluding to the case of Miss Croghan, says that "the abduction, the marriage, and the true position of all the parties to this nefarious transaction, will shortly be shown up; and the moral feeling of society propitiated by the odium which will be thrown upon the actors in this mercenary and heart-rending drama.

☞ They have an Institution in London, called the National Provident Institution, which has been in existence for a number of years, and is said to be entitled to full confidence. Through its means, an individual 22 years of age, may deposit £47, and be entitled to receive £100, on attaining the age of 40; and so on in proportion.

☞ The French Minister of Marine has recommended an increase of the French Steam Navy, by the addition of five steam frigates of 540 horse power each; 15 frigates of 450 horse power; 22 steam corvettes of 220 to 230 horse power each; and 30 vessels not exceeding 160 horse power—making in all 70 additional steam vessels.

☞ The debt due by the Mexican government to English capitalists amounts to $35,000,000. The interest has not been paid for a long time, but the stock sells at 47½ per cent.—much higher than that of many of the States in this Union.

☞ Three men, named Schoonover, Greenwall and Allen, the latter a negro, were tried in Louisville last week for grand larceny, convicted, and sentenced to the penitentiary, each for the term of forty years. They were old convicts.

☞ Two extensive robberies have recently taken place at the West. C. Schultz had $4000 in bills stolen from him in Cincinnati on the 17th inst., and L. Conway had $3000 in specie taken from him in Buffalo on the 20th.

☞ One of the American Fur Company's boats, with men to supply the companies, and provisions for the various company stations, left St. Louis on the 13th inst., for the mouth of the Yellow Stone.

☞ The editor of the Augusta, Geo., Sentinel, was a few days since presented with a bunch of fine ripe cherries, the growth of a tree in that neighborhood.

☞ Edward Shultz, a young man of 21 years of age, was so crushed on the railroad near Yorkville, N. York, on Sunday last, that he died shortly after.

☞ Nancy Drawbond was married on the 18th ult. at Vesuvius Furnace, Rockbridge, Va. to Joshua Cash! An admirable financial arrangement.

☞ Mr. Shaw, so well known throughout the country for his Concerts with his daughters, recently died at Taunton, Mass., of brain fever.

☞ A Liverpool paper states that there is now in that town, an American lady who has crossed the Atlantic fifty-five times.

☞ Mr. Dickens and his lady were receiving the hospitable attentions of the citizens of St. Louis on the 13th instant.

☞ Mr. Lubbock, one of the Santa Fe prisoners, who escaped from the city of Mexico, has arrived safe at Sisal.

☞ The Methodists of Texas have added twenty-two hundred to their church in the last 10 months.

☞ Mr. Miller, who insists that the world will be destroyed in 1843, is lecturing in New York.

☞ The seat of Government of Texas, is to be removed to Houston, until the war is over.

☞ The case of William M. Price, is now before the Circuit Court of New York.

☞ The consumption of tobacco in England, mostly for smoking, last year was 22,000,000 lbs.; in 1840 it was 23,[illegible],000. Although the prime cost of manufactured tobacco in England is, including the duty of 3s. 6d. above 4s. per pound, yet the article is sold at 3s. per lb. This is attributed by the London Times to adulteration with chicory, molasses, dry sugar, and in some cases yellow ochre and acetate of lead! It is quite probable, we think, that smuggling has some part in the matter.

☞ Mrs. Estes, residing about four miles from Owentown, Ky. was inhumanly murdered in her own house, a short time since, during the temporary absence of her husband. Her skull was broken by a club. The first sight that met her husband's eyes on entering the room was her lifeless body prostrate on the floor. No clue had been obtained to the murderer.

☞ Senator Woodbury, who had, a few days ago, left Washington for the East, on his return left Boston on Saturday, at 5 o'clock, P. M. and reached Washington at 5 o'clock, A. M. this day, (Monday;) thus making the trip through in 36 hours!

☞ An Englishman was arrested in the lower bay of New York, on Saturday, on a charge of having overdrawn £15,000 from the Bank of England. Almost all the money was recovered.

☞ The Clarksburg, Va., papers, contradict the statement in the Morgantown paper, to the effect, that the people of Harrison had set at defiance the Sheriff, and refused to pay their debts.

☞ The first passage through the magnificent new aqueduct, at Rochester, was made last Wednesday week, with considerable ceremony.

Army & Navy.

☞ Information has been received, by way of England, that the U. S. frigate United States, Captain Armstrong, bearing the broad pennant of Com. Jones, had arrived at Madeira from Norfolk, in twenty-seven days, and would sail the next day, the 11th of February, for Rio de Janeiro. All well on board.

☞ The American squadron, consisting of the ships Delaware, Potomac, Marion, Concord, and schooner Enterprise, were at Montevideo on the 22d of February. Commodore Morris was hourly expected from Buenos Ayres in the Decatur.

☞ The frigate United States, from New York for Rio Janeiro, was spoken Feb. 21, latitude 6 10 N. latitude 24 22 W.

☞ The United States Revenue Cutter, Woodbury, with the Hon. Waddy Thompson on board, has arrived at Vera Cruz.

Romantic Incident.

A romantic incident lately occurred at Alexandria, in Egypt. On the 27th of February a Georgian of about 28 years of age, at the moment her master, a Turk, was embarking upon the Mahmoudie Canal, in order to convey her to Cairo, seeing several Europeans around her, called out that she was a Russian, a Christian, and no slave, and entreated their help. The Europeans contrived to drag her away from her master with much trouble, and took her to the police, where having appealed to the Russian consulate, she was deposited, with the promise that she should be brought before the Divan the following morning. On the following day she did not make her appearance at the Divan, and all the grandees here were in a rage, each fearing that the Georgians, whom they had in their harem, might seize a similar pretext to escape.

The master of the Georgian then demanded one hundred purses as the price of his purchase made at Constantinople. The affair was carried to Cairo before the Pasha, who decided that all the master of the Georgian had to do was to apply at Constantinople, to the person who had sold her to him as a slave, and who had not a right to do so; that he had nothing to reclaim in Egypt nor of the Russian consulate. She is pretty, and plays the Turkish guitar with much skill. Ever since this event, the Turkish women all look upon the Russian consulate with immense respect.

Murder of Peculiar Atrocity.

A few days ago, in East Haddam, Conn. the neighbors were summoned to the house of Halsey Coon, by himself, under the pretence that a dreadful accident had happened to his wife, by which she had been shockingly burnt. She stoutly refused to give any satisfactory account of her condition, until assured by a physician that she could not live many hours. She then confessed that it was the work of her husband; that he had beaten her till she was nearly insensible, then tied her to a chair, and thrown a shovelful of burning coals upon her body. She died in about two hours, and, as a jury of inquest pronounced, by the hands of her husband, who was immediately arrested. The Norwich Courier, of Saturday, says this inhuman monster, in the shape of a man, is about sixty years of age; and it is only about eighteen months ago that a *former* wife of his was found *burned to death* in the fire-place of the same house. Suspicion was strongly excited against him then; but there was, however, no proof of his guilt. Rum was the instigator of his fiendish passion.

Central America.

Intelligence has been received at New York from Baliza, to the 26th of March. Much interest, it appears, was excited there by the movements of General Morazan, who had arrived at the port of La Union, in the State of St. Salvador, after an exile of three years, in an armed vessel with some followers. His avowed intention being only to offer his services to the Government in resisting the attempts of the Mosquitos, to appropriate to themselves part of the territory of the Republic; but having made a communication to this effect to the President, he landed at La Union, made the Collector prisoner, and pushed forward to San Miguel where it was supposed he was organizing his forces. Carrera was preparing at Gautamala to march against him, and had levied a contribution on the monied inhabitants of 80,000 dollars. In other respects the town was generally quiet.

The Children in the Wood.

Two children of the name of Megher, the eldest not over six years old, strayed from the residence of their parents, into the woods, about four miles from the town of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, on the afternoon of the 11th instant. Several persons started in pursuit, but they all returned without success. On Sunday the 17th, a large number again went in pursuit, and after proceeding about six miles from the house of the parents, through the woods, their attention was arrested by the barking of a dog of one of the party, when they were both found dead, locked in each other's arms. From the appearance of their limbs, they must have suffered dreadfully. The father and mother were both lying sick at the time

An American in India.

We understand, says the New York Aurora, that it was a natural Yankee who had taught the Affghans to resist the British power in India so long, and who left the seeds of diplomacy and discipline with them that recently burst forth so successfully at Cabool. His name is Dr. Harlan—a native of Philadelphia. Harlan was found occupying a high rank in the Affghan army when Cabool was first taken by the English. The British captured him, and sent him back to Europe. He is now in this country, and says that, with a military leader, the Affghans could overrun all India and China—create a new Mogul empire—rival Genghis Khan—and drive the British entirely from the East.

News from Congress.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1842.

Mr. Allen, of Ohio, asked for the consideration of the following resolutions offered on Monday. It was read as presented and an amendment proposed.

Resolved, That the President of the United States be requested to communicate to the Senate all information in his possession, or which has been communicated to him, either verbally or in writing, whether from the Governor of Rhode Island, or from others, in relation to the difficulties in that State.

Mr. Allen moved to strike out "verbally," and insert the word "printed," in the fourth line, instead of the same.

Mr. Preston asked whether the resolution was now before the Senate.

The Chair responded affirmatively, and the resolution came up as a matter of course.

Mr. Preston said he should be glad to hear what the Senators from Rhode Island had to say upon this subject. It appeared to him that there was no necessity for adopting the resolution. The duty of the President had been clear enough by the Constitution and the law. Upon these grounds he would be obliged to act. It was known what the President had done from the newspapers, and what he would do when the worst came to the worst.

Mr. Simmonds said that he would prefer that the resolution lie upon the table until to-morrow. He wished time to examine it.

Mr. Allen said that he had no objection to postpone action until to-morrow, if the Senator would then call it up.

Mr. Simmonds said that would depend on the pleasure of the Senate, and the subject, without further remark, was passed over for the day.

The Senate then proceeded to the consideration of miscellaneous business.

HOUSE.—*General Appropriation Bill.*—The first question this morning after the House had been called to order, was a point of order raised by Mr. Clifford, of Maine.

Mr. C. presented a written statement to the House, in which he contended that the proceedings of the House had been irregular on account of the conflicting votes in reference to the subject of contingent expenses.

The other amendments were concurred in without much opposition. The Bill was ordered to be engrossed and subsequently finally passed and made ready for the Senate.

A judicial bill of no great importance was then passed, when the House went into committee of the whole—Mr. Allen, of Maine in the Chair—upon the bill to apportion the several Congressional Districts of the Union. The House was for some time in session as a committee, though but to little profit, as no progress of importance was made.

The Committee had been in session for some time before an agreement was made as to the bill which should be acted upon. It was decided in the end that the House should first act upon the Apportionment Bill, and a vote was taken, (but few more than a quorum of members being present, however,) to strike out the 70,000 apportionment and insert 58,000.

This was subsequently amended, and 50,000 incorporated. The votes, however, were not test ones, though indicating somewhat the feeling in Congress upon the subject.

The House adjourned between 3 and 4 o'clock, and will take up the bill again to-morrow.

WASHINGTON, April 21, 1842.

SENATE.—Mr. Sturgeon, of Penn., presented eleven memorials from the city and county of Philadelphia, which asks Congress to protect domestic industry, and especially the iron interest of the State of Pennsylvania.

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill was received from the House of Representatives by the Clerk. Also, Messages of an Executive character from the President by his Private Secretary, John Tyler, Jr.

The Bill under consideration yesterday evening, for the incorporation of the Washington Manual Labor School and Male Orphan Asylum, was passed by yeas and nays, 31 to 9.

An Executive Session was moved. The Senate remained a long time in Executive session.

HOUSE.—In the House of Representatives, Mr. Everett, of Vermont, submitted a Resolution that the Apportionment Bill for fixing the ratio of representation under the sixth census, should be taken from Committee of the Whole, on Monday next, at twelve o'clock.

The Maryland Memorial was presented in the House this morning signed by ninety thousand and ninety-four citizens of Baltimore, without distinction of party. The petitioners ask for the protection of domestic manufactures and countervailing duties in our intercourse with foreign nations.

Mr. Everett moved that the House resolve itself into Committee of the Whole upon the subject of the Apportionment Bill. No objections were made, and Mr. Allen, of Maine, was called to the Chair.

The ratio 58,000, adopted last evening, was stricken out, and by general consent, the bill was left blank, so as to be filled up as the committee might hereafter determine. A great number of amendments, proposing various ratios, were then read.

The next number in order was, 60,500; and on this Mr. Clifford asked that the question be taken by tellers, which was agreed to, and Messrs. Medill and Mathiot, who were appointed, reported 84 ayes, and 66 noes.

So the blank was filled with 60,500, which will make the House of Representatives consist of two hundred and fifty members.

The Committee then rose, and the House adjourned.

WASHINGTON, April 22, 1842.

SENATE.—Mr. Mangum of N. C. presented a Bill as chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs, authorising the Secretary of the Navy to contract for the construction of certain war steamers. The Bill was read once, and ordered to a second reading.

The other reports were not important.

Before the expiration of the morning hour, Mr. Allen of Ohio, asked for the adoption of his Resolution in reference to Rhode Island affairs. It had been submitted by him on Monday, but was laid upon the table on Wednesday with the understanding that it should be called up the next day. Objections were at first made to taking up the Resolution, but for the reasons named, the Senate consented that it should be considered.

The vote being taken, the Resolution was laid upon the table by the following vote,—a large number of Senators being absent who would have voted in the affirmative:

Yeas.—Messrs. Archer, Bagby, Barrow, Bates, Berrien, Calhoun, Choate, Clayton, Conrad, Crittenden, Cuthbert, Evans, Graham, Huntington, King, Mangum, Miller, Phelps, Porter, Preston, Simmons, Smith, of In., Sprague, Tallmadge,—24.

Nays—Messrs. Allen, Benton, Buchanan, Fulton, Henderson, Linn, McRoberts, Smith of Conn., Sturgeon, Tappan, Wilcox, Wright, Young—13.

On motion of Mr. Mangum, of N. C., the Senate at an early hour went into Executive Session. Mr. M. said no opportunity so good as the present would be afforded to go into Executive Session for days to come, and much business was to be done there. The motion prevailed without opposition, and the Senate passed the remainder of the day with closed doors.

HOUSE.—The House before adjourning yesterday morning agreed as in Committee of the Whole to fix upon 61,500 as the ratio of Representation.

The House found itself in a snarl this morning in consequence of a point of order raised by Mr. Botts of Va. The point of order, which is usually point no point, was that raised by Mr. Goode of Ohio, under the Resolution of the House of the 29th of March, (offered by Mr. Adams) the purport of which was that Petitions should be handed to the Clerk.

Under this order the member from Ohio (Mr. Goode) presented the proceedings of a meeting of Ashtabula County, Ohio, complaining of the proceedings in Congress in censuring Mr. Adams.

Mr. Botts of Va., moved to amend the Journal.

Mr. Everett of Vt., moved to lay the motion upon the table, and here followed some explanation as to the manner in which the proceedings of the Ashtabula meeting found their way upon the Journal.

The Speaker explained the matter very briefly. He referred to the Resolution of Mr. Adams, adopted by the House, which defined his action. He had examined the Resolutions. They referred to the action of the House in the case of Mr. Giddings. It was a new subject, and he found nothing in them which prevented them from being incorporated upon the Journal. Besides they went upon the table, which was an indirect mode of disapproving of the contents of the Petition. The explanation did not satisfy the member from Virginia.

The House refused to lay it upon the table by a vote of 95 to 56. The Journal was then amended and the word stricken out.

This being Private Bill day, the House went into Committee of the Whole.

A previous order having been adopted by the House to visit the two steam frigates now at anchor in the Potomac, off Greenleaf's Point,—a brief debate arose as to the time and manner in which the House should carry out the Resolution.

The result of all was a motion by Mr. Everett of Vt. that when the House adjourn it adjourn to meet again on Monday. This was carried by acclamation, and after receiving several Executive Documents upon the Speaker's table and ordering them to be printed, the House adjourned over till Monday, being the first adjournment of the kind for three months.

WASHINGTON, April 25, 1842.

SENATE.—The Vice President, Mr. Southard, took the Chair this morning, after an absence of several weeks from the Senate.

Mr. Clayton, of Delaware, submitted a resolution instructing the Committee on Finance to inquire into the expediency of making an appropriation for a new light house in Delaware Bay. The Committee on Commerce were authorised to make the inquiry instead of the Committee of Finance.

HOUSE.—Mr. Stanly, of N. C., asked the House to take up the bill from the Committee of the Whole, reported April 7, by Mr. Kennedy from the Committee on Commerce. The bill is entitled "An act to prevent the transportation of passengers or letters coastwise by foreign steamers."

Mr. Proffit thought that the bill contained principles which were wrong. There were, he thought, too many restrictions in the bill. He had not had time to examine it.

Mr. Fillmore stated that when the bill was first reported he had doubts of the propriety of passing it. He had, however, examined the subject, and believed that it should pass. The enactments of foreign nations prohibited the transportation of goods in foreign vessels and passengers also. In this country a law had been long in force which applied to goods, and none had been passed in reference to passengers, because until recently none was necessary. When the subject was postponed to Tuesday next.

Mr. Everett, of Vermont, moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, for the further consideration of the bill fixing upon the ratio of representation under the last census. The motion prevailed, and by a large vote.

The Committee on Thursday last had agreed upon 60,500 as the ratio of representation.

Mr. Underwood of Ky., moved an amendment so as to make the ratio of representation 58,000. He appealed to the Representatives of the large States not to adopt a ratio of Representation which would be unjust to the weaker States of the Union.

Mr. Briggs of Mass., was in favor of a small Representation also; advocating its limitation to 50,375, giving as a reason, that no State would lose any thing by this. It was, he knew, mortifying for some of the States to see the number of their Representatives decreasing, while others were increasing.

WASHINGTON, April 26, 1842.

Remedial Justice.—Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, as chairman of the Judiciary Committee, asked for the consideration of this Bill, and explained and defended it at length. After the Bill was read and understood,

Mr. Berrien said the Bill proposed to extend the writ of Habeas Corpus to cases where it did not now apply. The writ of habeas corpus now applied generally to but two cases; where a party is imprisoned under authority of the United States, or imprisoned to be tried in a Court of the United States. The Bill made a third case, and authorized interference in two cases.

First, those arising under laws of the United States, and those arising from treaties between the United States and foreign governments.

Mr. Berrien argued first to show that this interference of the United States with State Courts, was a constitutional and just measure. He stated the effect of the Bill in its most extensive and obnoxious forms, for the purpose of meeting and confronting the objections which had been or which might be submitted in opposition to the Bill.

Mr. Berrien contended that under the Judicial enactments of 1789, the United States Court had power to control civil cases to a certain extent in State Courts. He quoted authority to show that this was done, and quoted laws to show to what extent. In reference to questions relating to the public peace, the enquiry was whether a subject in which all the States were interested should be left to one State, itself an interested party. Was one State to endanger the peace of all the States, or was the case at issue to be submitted to a tribunal where all are interested? Under the laws of '89, in the case of Cohen versus the State of Virginia, and under the same law, Worcester, versus the State of Georgia, it was decided that the Federal Courts had the power of correction over the State Courts. Both of the cases were criminal cases, and not civil, to which it was contended Federal jurisdiction should be confined.

The opinions read argued the fact that cases were universal in favor of the interference of the Federal Courts. In all cases founded upon the laws or constitution of the United States by treaty or otherwise, interference was proper and necessary.

It was no violation of State sovereignty, as had been stated, thus to interfere with the jurisdiction which affected in the most important matter the peace of the country.

Mr. Berrien quoted at length from authorities to show that the proceedings of State Courts could be stayed. The opinion of Chief Justice Jay in the case of Chisholm, in which ten grants of power are enumerated, and where all cases are named under the Constitution, under the laws of the United States, under treaties, at all affecting ambassadors, and subjects of foreign nations, to all cases of admiralty and jurisdiction, to all controversies between States and citizens of States and foreign States, &c. The reasons were found in the Federalist, which, with those of Judge Jay, were read and listened to with interest.

The defence and exposition of the Bill was listened to with earnest attention. Mr. Wright of New York, and Mr. Buchanan of Penn. were among those who took notes, with the intention of making a reply.

HOUSE.—The Journal having been read, a motion was submitted to go at once into Committee of the Whole upon the General Apportionment Bill.

After the reception of a petition or two, the House went into Committee of the Whole. Mr. Allen, of Maine, was called to the Chair, and the Apportionment Bill was taken up.

Mr. Cooper of Georgia was entitled to the floor, and addressed the Committee at length upon various topics, and the debate was continued by others.

Connecticut.

Official returns of the late election for Governor, gives the following results:

Cleveland, (Opp.)	25,564
Ellsworth, (Whig)	23,700
Gillette, (Abo.)	1,319
Loomis, (Cons.)	612
Scattering,	58
Aggregate of all the votes except Cleveland's,	25,689
Cleveland's vote,	25,564

The election of course goes to the Legislature, who will decide in favor of Cleveland.

The vote for Lieut. Governor stands as follows: for Holabird, Dem. 25,491; Booth, Whig. 23,690; Yale, Abolition, 1150; Gillson, Con. 567; scattering, 292; Mr. Holabird lacks only 199 votes of an election.

Canada.

The Governor of Canada has appointed Sir James Stuart, Deputy Governor of what was Lower Canada, and President of the Provincial Court of Appeals for said District; Hon. Edward Bowen, President of said Court, for the Districts of Montreal, Trois Rivieres and St. Francis; and Hon. Jean Roch Rolland President for the District of Quebec, and Hon. Edward Bowen, Jean Roch Rolland, John Stewart, Andrew William Cochran, Hugues Henry, George Pemberton and Louis Panet to be members of Her Majesty's Executive Council for the Province of Canada.

Retail Prices in Market.

Beef, best, per lb.	10a12
" middling,	5a 7
" Corned,	5a 7
Veal,	5a 7
Mutton,	5a 6
Lamb per qr.	75a87½
Pork, fresh, per lb.	5a 6
" pickled, "	5a 7
Hams, Jersey,	10a12½
Jowls,	4a 6
Dried Beef,	10a12½
Beef's Tongue,	40a50
Pigs, whole,	50a$1½
Pigs' Feet, set,	12a15
Sheep Tongues, doz.	18a25
Fresh Tripe, per lb.	3a 4
Sausages, stuffed, lb.	6a 7
Blood Pudding,	6a 7
Souse Cheese, lb	8a 9
Fowls, pair,	62a75
" " Live,	56a75
Turkeys,	62a$1¼
Geese,	50a75
Guinea Fowls, pair,	37a50
Pigeons, pair,	18a25
Ducks, pair,	56a75
Fresh Shad,	12a25
Herring, dozen,	10a12
Salmon, pickled, lb.	10a12½
" fresh,	13a15
" dry, lb.	18a18¾
Pickled Cod, "	4a 5
Fresh, "	5a 6
Flounders,	6a 7
Halibut, lb.	10a12½
Perch, string,	12a31¼
Rock, "	12a37½
Terrapins, doz.	$3a$5
Clams, per 100,	20a25

Indian Meal, ½ peck,	8a10
Rye Flour, qr. cwt.	62a68
Wheat " "	94a$1
Butter, lb.	22a29
" Tub, "	16a18
Lard,	9a10
Scrapple, per lb.	5a 6
Cheese, "	6a12½
Smearcase, qt.	5a 6
Eggs, per doz.	10a11
Apples, ½ pk.	10a18¾
Potatoes, "	6a 8
Sweet Potatoes, lb.	2a 3
Parsnips, qr. peck,	3a 4
Pickles, per 100,	25a35
Beets, bunch,	3a 5
Carrots, bunch,	2a 3
Turnips, qr. peck,	2a 3
Onions, rope,	8a 9
Onion Sets, per quart,	10a12½
Dried Peaches, ½ pk.	25a31
" Apples, ½ pk.	25a31
Sand Peas,	7a 8
Sallad, head,	½a 1
Asparagus,	10a18
Radishes, bunch,	2a 3
Onions, green,	1
Horseradish, root,	2a 3
Hominy, quart,	8a 9
Honey, per lb.	12a25
Cabbage, head,	3a 5
Rhubarb, bunch,	4a 5
Dried Cherries, qt.	7a 9
Cranberries, qt.	10a12½
Chesnuts, per qt.	7a 9
Walnuts, "	2a 3
Shellbarks, per qt.	3a 4
Oysters, Bay, 100	20a50
" Tangiers,	50a75

The market is now abundantly supplied with Asparagus, Sallad, Radishes, &c. at moderate prices. Shad have been scarce and dear a good portion of the week. A few butchers have had Lamb upon their stalls, but few as yet have been brought to market. Butter as last week; Eggs lower.—*P. Ledger.*

Philadelphia Market.

BARK—A small sale of Quercitron at $22 per ton for 1st No. 1.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There is no material change in the Flour market. Sales of standard quality for shipment at $5,75 per bbl. Brandywine is held at $5,87½. Sales for city use at $5,75, and good and choice brands at $5,87½a$6. Rye Flour—Sales at $3,50. Corn Meal—Sales of Penna. Meal at $2,62½ and 13,25 in bbls and hhds.

GRAIN—Wheat has advanced a trifle; sales of good and prime Penna. red at $1,30 per bushel, prime white 1,31, and a lot of red and white mixed at $1,31¼ for shipment. Southern is worth $1,25 to 1,21. Rye—No sales. Corn—Sales of round yellow at 61a62, flat do 58a59, and white 54a54½ cts. Oats—Sales of Southern at 40a42 cts.

ICE—A cargo sale of Eastern Ice at $5 per ton, on time.

PROVISIONS—There is no change in the price of barrel Meats. Bacon is in fair request at the prices quoted last week. Western Lard is held at 5¼a5½ cts, cash.

SUGARS—There is a better feeling in the Sugar market, and prices have advanced within a week ¼ cent per pound. Sales of St. Croix at 6½ cts for fair quality; Porto Rico at 5½ to 6½; and 100 hhds New Orleans at 4½ cts per lb, part cash and part 4 mos.

WHISKEY—Market inactive at previous rates.—*North American.*

HORRIBLE DISASTER.—A strange being lately made its appearance in the vicinity of our Exchange, which has been the cause of much wonder, and a good deal of alarm, when seen by females and the more timorous of the other sex. Children intuitively clung more closely to their mothers, and all were observed to step lighter and quicker when near it. Numerous and various have been the conjectures what this ominous being was, and where it came from; but none cared to satisfy their curiosity by too close an approximation to the object of their astonishment. It was about five feet high, stood erect, and its features completely enveloped in long hair, as black and as glossy as the raven's plume. Some said it was Robinson Crusoe, clothed in his goat skin habits; but this was improbable, for the last account we have of that renowned hero, states that he was then near four score years old, while this nondescript was evidently much younger. Others said it was probably Orson, the wild man of the woods, or the wild child lately seen at a certain lake in Michigan; and again others said it was the Chimpanzee which had escaped from its keeper; but it could not be either of these, for we have an undoubted account of the death of the former, and it was evidently too large for either of the latter. It could not be a large Newfoundland dog, nor a bear, for dogs always run on four legs, and bears do not always go on two.

What is it? was the constant enquiry, and the mystery is now solved by the courage of two loafers, who were feeling in their tenantless pockets for what had long ceased to abide there, and ruminating on the prospects of a bed in the watch-house, or gutter, without a supper, and of a dry and thirsty morning, fell in with the hero of our tale near the Girard Bank.

"Necessity is the mother of invention," and accordingly they determined upon its immediate capture, for exhibition to wondering and gaping crowds. Fortune now ceased to frown, and golden dreams of wealth and splendor were before them. No longer would they trudge on foot the dirty streets. No longer would the watchman dare to disturb them. No longer would they go supperless to bed—nor that bed be the bottom of the watch-box. No longer rise in the morning with killing thirst, and nothing to allay it. No—perish the thought—"Richard's himself again." Fearing naught but the escape of this anomalous being, upon which their hopes depended, they instantly seized it, and all their dreams of glory, vanished, like the morning cloud, or the fleeting visions of a midnight hour, and left them in disappointment and despair. For it proved to be a poor fellow who had been so unfortunate as to tumble head foremost into a can of Dr. Jayne's Hair Tonic, and who now remains a monument—proof positive—of the extraordinary virtues of the article.

ONE WORD TO THE SEDENTARY.—Thos who labor within doors are not only compelled to breathe an impure atmosphere, which is frequently rendered wholly unfit for the proper expansion of the lungs, but, owing to want of exercise, the bowels become constipated, the pores of the skin are closed, and, indeed, all the functions of the body, become deranged; hence proceed Asthma, Coughs, Pains in the Breast and side, Palpitation in the Heart, Rheumatic Pains in different parts of the body, Giddiness, and a variety of other distressing complaints, so common to those of sedentary habits. *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* disperse all those unpleasant symptoms, as if by a charm; a single dose will in all cases give relief, and if repeated a few times, will most assuredly restore the body to health. An occasional use of *Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* will keep the body completely free from those humors which are in all cases the cause of illness, and enable those who lead a sedentary life to enjoy perfect and sound health.

☞ *Beware of Counterfeits.* Purchase only at the General Depot, No. 169 Race street, near Fifth, Philadelphia, or of the regular advertised Agents.

By particular to ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

Between Henry Smalley complainant,
and
Joseph Price, Sarah Price,
William Clark and John Rice
Defendants.
} Order Publication.

It appears to this Court that the complainant has filed his bill in the above cause, and that process of suspense to appear and answer, directed to the defendants hath been regularly issued, returnable to the April term, A. D. 1842, but that the defendants could not be found in this State to be served therewith, and that they have not caused their appearance to be entered as in case such process had been duly served, and it being made to appear by affidavit to the satisfaction of the Chancellor, that the said defendants reside out of this State, and in the United States —— it is thereupon on this eighteenth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty two, on motion of Elias P. Seeley Solicitor of the complainant, by this order directed by the Chancellor, that the said absent defendants appear, plead, answer or demur, to the complainant's bill on or before the second Tuesday of July next, or that in default thereof, such decree be made against them as the Chancellor shall think equitable and just.—AND IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, That this order shall, within twenty days hereafter, be served personally on the said defendants by a delivery of a copy thereof to them, or be published within the said twenty days in the Bridgeton Chronicle; a newspaper printed at Bridgeton in this State, and continued therein for six weeks successively at least once in every week; and also for a like space of time in the "Saturday Post," a newspaper printed in the city of Philadelphia.

A true copy. WM. PENNINGTON, C.
SAML. R. GUMMERE, Clerk. ap 30-3t

Our Mail Receipts.

We are daily in the receipt of letters enclosing money with the request to return a receipt by mail. We do not send receipts in that way. Every dollar *received by mail*, for the Post, is acknowledged as below. Subscribers will please notice this.

Subscribers living in the vicinity of a Post Master can call upon him and have their letters containing money *franked*, if the letter contains nothing but what relates to the business of the office. Many hundred dollars might be saved us, if attention was generally paid to this matter.

Receipts for the S. E. Post from the 13th to the 26th April.

April 13 received from			
L. Rush,	$1 00	I. E. James, agt.	125 00
P. H. Mattis,	2 00	P. Plate,	2 00
G. Pierce,	2 00	J. T. Dunn,	3 00
J. Leeds,	2 00	J. Blair,	2 00
J. Anderson,	2 00	H. Groce,	5 00
J. Hayes,	6 00	R. Mackall,	5 00
L. Rudner,	2 00	J. C. Montgomery,	1 00
D. David,	2 00	S. Cooper,	2 00
J. Smith,	2 00	J. Lake,	5 00
J. Moore,	2 00	B. Curtis,	3 00
A. Oatman,	10 00	R. B. Abel,	3 00
J. Honer,	2 00	S. Russell,	2 00
H. Seltzer,	2 00	O. Lewis,	5 00
April 14.			
W. S. Campbell,	2 00	J. Twaddell,	2 00
S. A. Cook,	4 00	S. Read,	2 00
R. B. Smith,	5 00	J. Tuttle,	8 00
H. W. Taft,	6 00	Council of Administration,	2 00
S. Platt,	4 00		
J. Parks,	2 00	J. Barnes,	4 00
D. B. Dickinson,	5 00	E. Roberts,	2 00
J. McKenney,	2 00	R. Clinton,	2 00
S. McCord,	2 00	H. Addis,	5 00
S. Roane,	2 00	P. Quigley,	8 00
B. Johnson,	20 00	D. Ayres,	1 00
April 15.			
J. Byless,	6 00	L. Tomlinson,	5 00
Z. Davis,	2 00	J. Follett,	5 00
F. Carpenter,	2 00	J. McGracey,	5 00
T. Stockton,	2 00	T. Ingles,	2 00
A. Snyder,	2 00	T. Green,	2 00
A. McHaron,	2 00	S. Hinkel,	2 00
J. Creighton,	5 00	T. Menduen,	2 00
S. Bartlett,	5 00	J. Hall,	10 00
J. Griffith,	2 00	V. Urich,	2 00
F. Ensign,	4 00	A. Seal,	2 00
W. Pierce,	2 00	H. K. Whipple, Esq.	58 93
C. H. Griffin,	2 00	C. Church,	5 00
D. Ashley,	2 00		
April 16.			
C. Morrill,	10 00	D. Dorbler,	2 00
J. Chinworth,	5 00	J. Bowman,	2 00
E. A. Bryan,	5 00	D. Todd,	2 00
G. F. Mar,	2 00	J. R. Taylor,	2 00
J. M. Shackleford,	2 00	O. Bernard,	2 00
R. Dreer,	2 00	A. Bernard,	2 00
J. H. Clark,	2 00	A. Head,	6 00
H. A. Coffin,	5 00	R. Rule,	[illegible]
S. D. Winslow,	2 00	T. Bart,	10 00
Mrs. A. Gilbert,	2 00	C. Supplee,	2 00
J. Hoffer,	3 00	H. Griffith,	2 00
April 18.			
D. Deihl,	2 00	M. Bitting,	12 00
S. Ball,	2 00	J. Piffers,	6 00
B. Yardley,	2 00	J. Allen,	2 00
S. Donnell,	2 00	E. Hawks,	2 00
J. F. Smith,	2 00	W. George,	2 00
P. Buckman,	19 00	A. Macon,	8 00
J. Shay,	2 00	A. Cook,	5 00
J. Gallager,	2 00	W. M. Hill,	1 00
D. Miller,	6 00	B. J. Cushing,	2 00
J. P. Davis,	2 00	J. Tomlin,	5 00
R. Wellington,	1 00	E. Mack,	2 00
J. Motley,	2 00	L. Voorhees,	5 00
P. Fry,	2 00	J. Grotea,	2 00
J. Field,	5 00	B. Hartman,	3 00
R. Lewis,	5 00	S. Gordon,	22 00
J. Showaker,	2 00	S. Green,	2 00
T. Harlan,	7 00		
April 19.			
G. B. Taliafero,	2 00	B. Hendry,	8 00
Y. Hurd,	5 00	H. Baker,	2 00
E. W. Rose,	2 00	J. White,	2 00
C. D. Cole,	2 00	A. Copeland,	4 00
A. H. Allen,	1 00	C. Asherst,	5 00
J. Sample,	2 00	S. Spalding,	2 00
B. Sanders,	12 00	P. Cavendish,	8 00
A. Morse,	5 00	H. Bubble,	10 00
R. Barclay,	2 00	C. Lewis,	2 00
S. Pierce,	2 00		
April 20.			
J. Rulon,	2 00	D. P. Baldwin,	2 00
S. Knight,	2 00	W. R. Martin,	2 00
J. S. Adkins,	2 00	J. Brooke,	2 00
J. Ridgeway,	5 00	W. Imlay,	1 25
C. McClingan,	2 00	J. Covington,	1 00
W. Moore,	6 00	J. Harris,	1 00
J. Graham,	2 00	S. W. Beisel,	14 00
J. Mullica,	2 00	S. Chamberlain,	2 00
A. Eckfelt,	2 00	A. H. Gladden,	2 00
A. Grant,	4 00	A. Dewing,	2 00
D. Wyman,	2 00	J. Mitchell,	5 00
A. Peabody,	4 00	D. King,	4 00
W. Howell,	2 00	S. Benningham,	2 00
H. Webb,	2 00		
April 21.			
S. Milton,	2 00	J. P. Bryan,	5 00
J. Wall,	2 00	J. R. Whipple,	5 00
W. R. Gilkey,	2 00	P. Hile,	1 50
Y. R. Cream,	2 00	R. Smith,	2 00
D. Baskin,	2 00	H. Newhall,	2 00
E. Rugg,	5 00	G. Warner,	2 00
S. Smith,	4 00	J. Lamb,	10 00
A. Goodman,	2 00	S. Bretsford,	2 00
T. McElhenny,	2 00	G. Reding,	2 00
C. Filer,	3 00	G. Pettit,	2 00
P. Pace,	2 50	T. Ford,	5 00
April 22.			
W. Blythe,	1 25	L. Day,	5 00
R. Parry,	2 00	O. E. Castle,	2 00
A. Hoopes,	2 00	M. Mann,	2 00
W. Johns,	2 00	F. Savage,	4 00
J. McCarter,	2 00	W. S. Hall,	1 50
J. Bellah,	2 00	J. Hill,	1 00
A. R. Cox,	2 00	S. W. Riddle,	2 00
J. Werntz,	2 00	A. Billings, Esq.	10 00
J. Priestly,	15 00	O. H. P. Stem,	25 00
A. Larrent,	5 00	A. Carter,	9 00
R. La Salle,	2 00	W. P. Haywood,	9 00
S. Hoffer,	2 00	E. Sewell,	2 00
B. L. Hill,	5 00	M. D. Conklin,	10 00
April 23.			
A. Ramsey,	5 00	G. Darlington,	2 00
Mrs. McElheny,	2 00	G. Markham,	5 00
L. Thom,	2 00	H. Whiting,	5 00
G. W. Dingman,	2 00	D. Joswood,	2 00
J. Lewis,	2 00	M. Mogridge,	2 00
J. A. Brooks,	2 00	J. R. Atherton,	2 00
J. Moore,	5 00	S. Wilson,	5 00
E. Leip,	2 00	L. Wilson,	2 00
C. Coover,	2 00	C. Palmer,	2 00
Miss S. Pierce,	2 00		
April 25.			
W. Hastings,	5 00	H. D. Eldridge,	1 00
H. McCall,	2 00	A. Vedder,	1 00
E. Irwin,	2 00	J. Irwin,	5 00
A. Scott,	2 00	W. Brown,	2 00
V. M. Long,	1 00	W. Galchell,	2 00
P. Heller,	2 00	S. Newton,	10 00
E. Shober,	2 00	G. Parsons,	7 00
A. L. Clercy,	2 00	C. J. Barnett,	10 00
S. Sala,	2 00	S. Montalta,	5 00
L. Funk,	5 00	J. Pearson,	2 00
V. R. Hawkins,	2 00	H. Haughton,	7 00
T. Street,	4 00	S. Boemer,	4 00
April 26.			
S. M. Kissinger,	3 00	G. Castner,	2 00
W. Quinn,	5 00	E. M. Lewis,	2 00
B. Stokes,	2 00	J. Cuckle,	2 00
S. Henry,	2 00	J. Fithery,	2 00
P. Savage,	2 00	H. McDonough,	6 50
J. B. Parker,	2 00	J. Sand,	2 00
A. Lee,	2 00	W. Couch,	2 00
R. Longstreth,	2 00	E. Potter,	5 00
B. Hinman,	2 00	G. G. Claiborn,	2 00
J. Lewis,	2 00	A. Angle,	2 00
E. P. Oakman,	2 00	S. Martin,	2 00
G. Weddifield,	2 00	J. H. Allen,	8 00
A. Groves,	2 00	S. A. Wood,	2 00

Health Office, April 23, 1842.

INTERMENTS
In the City of Philadelphia, Southwark, Northern Liberties, Moyamensing, Penn Township, and Kensington,
From the 16th to the 23d of April.

DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.	DISEASES.	Adults.	Children.
Asphyxia,	1	0	Brought over,	30	38
Apoplexy,	4	0	——Brain,	2	1
Burns,	0	1	——Bronchi,	2	3
Cancer,	1	0	——Lungs,	2	3
Croup,	0	2	——Stomach,	0	1
Cholera Morbus,	0	1	——Bowels,	2	1
Consumption of the Lungs,	17	3	——Breast,	0	1
			——Peritoneum,	0	2
Convulsions,	0	9	Inanition,	0	1
Diabetes,	1	0	Marasmus,	0	2
Diarrhœa,	0	1	Measles,	0	1
Dropsy, Head,	0	8	Mortification of Leg,	1	0
——Breast,	2	0	Mania a Potu,	1	0
Disease of Heart,	1	0	Old Age,	2	0
——Lungs,	0	2	Palsy,	2	0
——Liver,	1	0	Pleurisy,	1	0
Drowned,	1	0	Scrofula,	0	1
Debility,	0	3	Small Pox,	0	9
Erysipelas,	0	1	Still Born,	0	8
Effusion on Brain,	0	1	Teething,	0	1
Fever, Puerperal,	0	5	Unknown,	1	1
——Scarlet,	0	1	Varioloid,	0	1
Inflammation,	1	0	Whooping Cough,	0	11
Carried over,	30	38	Total, 132——	46	86

Of the above there were 16 from the almshouse, 2 from the country, and 12 people of color, which are included in the total amount.

By order of the Board of Health,
SAMUEL P. MARKS, Clerk.

State of the Thermometer.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
April 17,	48	46	44
18,	45	46	47
19,	44	46	47
20,	54	59	66
21,	54	63	71
22,	57	70	80
23,	66	71	77

A NEW VOLUME.

MAY 1ST, 1842.

THE SATURDAY POST.

A FAMILY SHEET
OF THE
MAMMOTH CLASS.

A new volume of the popular family newspaper, the Saturday Evening Post, will be commenced on the first of May, 1842, beautifully printed on the finest white linen paper. The Post is the oldest and best established paper in the Union, having already got to the commencement of the

23d VOLUME.

While scores of papers which have been started in the *last twenty-three years*, have passed away for ever, the Post still maintains its proud position in point of circulation and profit, at the head of the family newspapers of the day.

The great size of the paper enables the proprietors to give a greater variety of original and selected matter than can be found in cotemporary sheets. The paper has been greatly

Enlarged and Improved,

And now appears in handsome new type, and has received the praise of many editors of taste, as "*the handsomest family sheet in the Union*." Our efforts have been directed to the combining of beauty and simplicity, with utility and taste. The Post is printed on a stout white paper, rendering it neat and durable for filing; while in size it surpasses every other weekly newspaper in Philadelphia, and has received from its contemporaries the title of

The Philadelphia Mammoth.

The great size of the paper enables us to give all important Congressional Proceedings at length, and all reports and other public documents in full, together with occasional Congressional Speeches in full.

Literary Department.

The Post is acknowledged to be the first newspaper in the country in the quality and quantity of its *original tales, essays, poetry, and other matter.* The following contributors are a warrant of its merit.

T. S. Arthur, author of "Temperance Pledge," "The Broken Merchant," and other Temperance Stories.
Professor J. H. Ingraham, author of "Lafitte," "Kyd," &c. &c.
Jesse E. Dow, author of the "Log of Old Ironsides," &c. &c.
Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro,
R. M. Walsh,
Miss E. Leslie,
N. P. Willis,
Mrs. Emma C. Embury,
Mrs. A. F. Annan,
Mrs. Lambert,
James H. Dana,
Lewis J. Cist,
Lydia Jane Pierson,
Theo. S. Fay,
George P. Morris,
Francis S. Osgood,
Alfred B. Street,
Thomas J. Beach,
J. Milton Sanders, author of "The Miami Valley,"
S. D. Anderson,
Lydia H. Sigourney,
F. W. Thomas, author of "Clinton Bradshawe," "Howard Pinckney."
C. Theresa Clarke,
Miss J. Estelle,
John G. Whittier,
Mrs. C. H. W. Esling,
Mrs. R. E. Nichols,
Mrs. Amelia B. Welby,
J. Tomlin,
J. Ross Browne,
Lucy Seymour,
Mrs. Mary H. Parsons,
Mrs. Caroline F. Orne,
Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud,
Mrs. Ann S. Stephens,
J. T. S. Sullivan,
Mrs. E. C. Stedman,
Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz,
William Wallace.

The publishers have made an arrangement, in addition, for an

Original Novel,

from the pen of H. W. HERBERT, Esq., author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," &c., which they have been publishing for some time past. The scene of this novel is laid in America—the subject is the BUCCANIERS. Such an opportunity to subscribe should not be lost.

Original Stories appear in every number of the paper, with Original articles *on all subjects.*

The Post contains the greatest variety of Original Tales, Sea Sketches, Essays, Poetry, Songs, Charades, beside the latest and best selections from the American and English Magazines, and all the other fountains of choice Original literature.

The Terms.

It is issued at the old established rate of *Two Dollars per annum*, CASH, *in advance*, and may be truly said, now that it is enlarged, to be the

Cheapest Paper in the Union.

As friends and neighbors often wish to club together to facilitate remittances, we offer to such, or to any person who will secure us the names and money, the following

Inducements to Clubs.

3 copies for 5 dollars, in advance, post paid.
7 " " 10 " " " " "

It is to be understood, that to entitle any person to the benefit of the above terms, all arrearages must be first paid, and the subscriptions must be remitted in *advance, post paid.*

We adhere to the cash system. Editors who may copy this Prospectus, and forward us a copy, will receive our thanks, and a regular exchange.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.
Third and Chesnut Streets, Philadelphia.

ALMANAC.

May, 1842.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES.
30 SATURDAY,	5 9	6 51	6 58	
1 SUNDAY,	5 8	6 52	7 41	D. H. M.
2 MONDAY,	5 7	6 53	8 27	
3 TUESDAY,	5 6	6 54	8 10	
4 WEDNESDAY,	5 4	6 56	9 52	Last 2 7 48
5 THURSDAY,	5 3	6 57	10 32	New 10 6 41
6 FRIDAY,	5 2	6 58	11 13	First 17 7 13
7 SATURDAY,	5 1	6 59	11 57	Full 24 4 42

Married,

On the 21st instant, by the Rev. Wm. A. Wiggins, Mr. CHARLES LANING, to Miss LOUISA C. SAVIDGE, all of this city.

In this city, on the 19th of Jan. last, by the Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, Count LOUIS FITZGERALD TASISTRO, to Miss KATHARINE E. BAKER, of New York.

On the 25th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Bigler, ENOCH TAYLOR, Esq. of this city, to Miss ANN B. PASTORIUS, of Montgomery county.

On the 24th inst. by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. JOHN DEAL, to Miss HARRIET BUTCHER, both of Spring Garden.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. James Neill, Mr. WILLIAM BROOMELL, to Miss MARY STEWARD, all of this city.

At Granite Hill, near Chester, on the 25th instant, by the Rev. G. W. Ridgely, Capt. THOS. ROBINSON, late of the U. S. Navy, to Mrs. SARAH ANN CROSBY.

At St. Louis, Mo. on the 7th ult. by the Rev. Jos. A. Lutz, Mr. ANTHONY C. WILLIAMSON, formerly of Philadelphia, to Miss ANGELINE HOSKEY, of St. Louis.

On the 21st inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tudehope, JOHN McPHERSON, to JANE CROW, both of this city.

On the same day, by the same, WILLIAM PASSON, to JANE CRAWFORD, both of this city.

On the 10th inst. by the Rev. J. B. Hagany, JOHN C. N. MEZZICK, to Miss ANN REBECCA JOINER, both of this city.

On the 21st inst. by the same, JOSEPH W. HOOD, to Miss ELIZABETH SHARP, both of this city.

At Germantown, on the 1st of January, by the Rev. Mr. Richards, Mr. GEO. WAGGONER, to Miss CATHARINE, eldest daughter of Mr. George Treichel, of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. John D. Osiose, Mr. THOS. WRIGHT, of this city, to Miss RUTH TOMLINSON, of Bridgeton, N. J.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. William A. Wiggins, Mr. WM. D. ADAMS, to Miss ELIZABETH AVIS, all of this city.

On the 20th instant, by Alderman J. Laws, AMOS SCARBOROUGH, of Warwick, to ELIZABETH SKELTON, of Middleton township, Bucks county, Pa.

On the 20th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Neville, B. BARTON GUMPERT, to Miss MARGARET J. BOUTON.

On Wednesday, 13th inst. by the Rev. Peter O. Studdiford, of Lambertville, N. J. Mr. THEODORE HUFF, of Titusville, to Miss ALCHEY LANNING, near the latter place.

At New Castle, Del. 21st instant, by the Rev. Mr. Spotswood, Dr. THOMAS NEWTON, of Norfolk, Va. to Miss MARGARET P. daughter of Alexander P. Darragh, late Purser in the U. S. Navy.

March 30th, at St. Mary's Church, Cheltenham, by the Rev. Heneage Gibbes, THOMAS CHAPMAN HARVEY, son of Samuel D. Harvey, Esq. of Philada. U. S. to ELIZABETH, daughter of Sir George S. Gibbes, M. D. late of Bath.

On the 20th of March, in Marion county, Missouri, JAS. H. PATTERSON, Esq. of Washington, D. C. to MARY ANN MILLS, daughter of the Rev. E. S. Ely, D. D.

Died,

On the 25th inst. after a short and severe illness, SAMUEL WHITE, in the 47th year of his age.

On the 26th inst. Miss BALINDA WILLIAMS, in the 24th year of her age, daughter of Joseph Williams.

Suddenly, on the 25th inst. Mrs. HELEN S. ALLEN, wife of John Allen, in the 37th year of her age.

On the 26th inst. Mr. SAMUEL STEAR, aged 29 years.

On the 25th inst. in the 33d year of her age, Mrs. MARY ANN RIDER.

At Holmesburg, Pa. on the 8th instant, after a protracted illness, Mrs. ELIZABETH HELVERTON, in the 73d year of her age.

On the 26th inst. JOSEPH EVANS, Jr. son of Joseph and Susannah Evans, aged 17 months.

On the 25th inst. of consumption, ELIZABETH, daughter of Daniel B. and Mary Beck, in the 22d year of her age.

In Boston, on the 17th instant, Mrs. MARY OTIS, aged 85 years, relict of the late Samuel Allyne Otis, Esq.

At Greenwich, Cumberland county, N. J. on the 21st inst. MARY SHEPPARD, wife of John Sheppard, of that place.

At Burlington, N. J. on the 24th instant, ABRAHAM G. QUICKSALL, in the 30th year of his age.

On the 25th inst. THOMAS WOOD, Sr. in the 69th year of his age, formerly of Derby, England.

On the 24th inst. Mr. CHRISTIAN WEYMERSTINE, victualler, aged 72 years.

Suddenly, on the 25th inst. Mr. JONATHAN MICHENER, in the 49th year of his age.

At Camden, on the 20th instant, after a short illness of 7 days, BENJ. COOPER, a highly respected member of the Society of Friends, in the 68th year of his age.

In Doylestown, Pa. on the 19th inst. in the 20th year of her age, CAROLINE AUGUSTA, wife of E. J. McDowell, Esq.

On Saturday, 16th inst. at Shippensburg, Pa. WM. ADAM, infant son of Wm. R. and Mary E. Stouch, aged 11 months and 12 days.

On the 23d inst. Mr. JAMES MARTEN, aged 31 years.

After a short illness, Mrs. MARY SMITH, consort of Mr. J. A. Smith.

On the 23d inst. ELIZABETH REX, aged 35 years.

On the 23d inst. after an illness of six days, ELEANOR, wife of David Armstrong, and daughter of Wm. Meredith, of Germantown, in the 25th year of her age.

On the 23d inst. of inflammation of the lungs, WALTER T. infant son of James Morrell.

On the 23d inst. Miss ELIZABETH DARLAND, in the 28th year of her age.

On the 24th ult. Mrs. SARAH DANE, wife of Philip Dane, in the 31st year of her age.

On the 21st inst. after a short and severe illness, CHAS. STOKES, aged 41 years.

On the 23d inst. Mr. JOHN HICKEY, a native of the city of Waterford, Ireland.

On the 23d instant, after a lingering illness, Mr. AARON STORK, in the 78th year of his age.

On Sunday morning, 24th inst. MARY, wife of John Hall.

On the 20th inst. Mr. GEORGE THOMPSON, in the 41st year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 22d instant, ELIZABETH, wife of Jacob Shick, Sr. in the 65th year of her age.

At St. Louis, Mo. on the 13th inst. WILSON P. HUNT, an old inhabitant, and for many years the postmaster of that city.

At Lewes, Del. on the 18th inst. of consumption, Miss MARY C. RICARDS, in the 21st year of her age.

On the 21st instant, MARY ANN, daughter of Henry and Melinda Ingham, in the 2d year of her age.

On the 20th instant, after a short but severe illness, Mr. PHILIP WALTERS, in the 58th year of his age.

On the 20th instant, at Beverly, Adams county, Illinois, SARAH JANE, wife of Lambert Tree, formerly of Philadelphia.

On the 19th inst. Capt. JAMES ASH, formerly of the merchant service of this port.

On the 21st inst. MARGARET SULLIVAN, aged 16 months.

CHILLS AND FEVER.
WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS.

ARE one of the best, if not the very best medicine in the world for the cure of Chills and Fevers, because they completely cleanse the body from those morbid and bilious humors, which are the cause, not only of Intermittent and all other Fevers, but of every malady incident to man.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills also aid and improve digestion, and purify the blood; and therefore not only drive from the body every description of disease, but they impart a vigor to the constitution which enables it to resist any future attack of Chills and Fever.

CAUTION.

The patrons of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are cautioned against purchasing Pills done up in close imitation of the above celebrated medicine, and purporting to be manufactured by one V. O. Falck, who, it is understood, is travelling about the country, endeavoring by various and contradictory statements, to effect sales of his worthless compound.

Country agents will therefore be on their guard against imposition. Remember that the genuine medicine has the title expressed in full on the sides of the boxes, thus:

WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS,
(Indian Purgative,)
OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HEALTH.

Whereas in the counterfeit the word "Wright's" is omitted and Falck, or some other, substituted in its place.

Purchasers will consequently beware of all medicine except WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills, and bear in mind that all who sell genuine medicine are provided with a certificate signed by Wm. Wright, Vice President of the North American College of Health.

Country agents are invited to send in to the office for their respective certificates, with all possible despatch.

The following highly respectable merchants are the duly authorised agents for

Northampton County, Pa.

S & G Saylor,	Easton,
Mathew Krause,	Bethlehem,
John D. Harman, Jr.	Harman's Quarries,
Daniel Ritter,	Bohstown,
John Lesser,	Freemansburg,
Peter Shaffer,	Hellertown,
D. S. & S. Weaver	Weaversville,
George Weber,	Kreidersville,
Abraham Gish,	Berlinsville,
Jacob Bauman,	Lehigh Gap,
D. Heberling,	Weissport,
Casper Christman,	Mauch Chunk,
Wm. B. Cool,	Beaver Meadow,
John Smith,	Black Creek,
Reed & Butler,	Rockport,
Adam Hower,	Hower's Mill,
Daniel Sigfried,	Bath,
John Bertel,	Nazareth,
J. & A. Long,	Williamsburg,
Arthur Ritter,	Newburg,
J. & A. Dech,	Farmersville,
Jonas Snyder,	Petersville,
Joseph Brown,	Cherryville,
Charles Seider,	Lower Saucon,
David Keller & Co	Richmond.

OFFICES, devoted exclusively to the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, wholesale and retail,—
No. 169 RACE STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
No. 288 Greenwich street, New York;
No. 198 Tremont street, Boston.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

Inhabitants of Elizabethtown, Lancaster county, you are respectfully informed that the agency for the sale of WRIGHT'S Indian Vegetable Pills has been withdrawn from and given to of your place of whom the genuine medicine can with certainty be obtained. Purchasers therefore who wish the genuine Pills, should be careful to buy of said or of those only who can show a certificate of agency.

☞ Observe, *Medicine to be right must be* WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS. ap 30 3t

ZANONI!!! EXTRA!!!

BULWER'S New Novel, 4th edition, just published, price twenty five cents.

The publishers of the "*Brother Jonathan*" newspaper, have just issued the fourth edition of their Extra, containing ENTIRE, *A NEW NOVEL BY BULWER, ENTITLED ZANONI*, OR, THE SECRET ORDER.

This new fiction, by the illustrious author of "Pelham," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Night and Morning," &c. will be sent by *Mail* to any part of the United States, for TWENTY FIVE CENTS A COPY; or, FIVE COPIES FOR ONE DOLLAR! The postage can in no case be over four and a half cents, or newspaper postage on three sheets. Orders from the country for one or more copies, will be promptly executed. Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for one dollar!!!

Premiums.

Persons wishing to subscribe to either—

Godey's Lady's Book,	$3.00	Brother Jonathan,	$3.00
Graham's Magazine,	3.00	New World,	3.00
Ladies' Companion,	3.00	Boston Notion,	3.00
Lady's World of Fashion,	2.00	Saturday Courier,	2.00
Young Peoples Book,	2.00	Saturday Evening Post,	2.00
Peoples Library,	3.00	United States,	2.00
Or two copies of the Dollar Magazine,			2 00

By remitting the amount of subscriptions to the subscriber for either of the above publications, each person shall receive as a premium one copy of Zanoni.

By remitting the price of two of the above publications, they shall receive as a premium three copies of Zanoni.

By remitting the price of three of the above publications they shall receive as a premium three copies of Zanoni, and one whole years numbers of the Dollar Magazine for 1841, or five copies of Zanoni.

All remittances to be in current funds in the city of Philadelphia. Address, POST-PAID, W. F. BURGESS,
ap 23 3t No. 3 Ledger Buildings.
Wholesale and retail News and Periodical Agent.

A TEACHER WANTED IMMEDIATELY, in the Academy at Myerstown, Lebanon County, Pa. where a liberal salary will be given, to one who can produce unexceptionable testimonials of a reputable character, and of his experience and success in school keeping. In addition to the salary, there is also a dwelling, with ground, lots, &c. for the accommodation of the teacher, (one with a family will therefore be preferred,) who, with boarding scholars, could obtain an income of over $1000 per annum.

Three objects will be aimed at, in the system pursued in the Institution: 1st. The formation of a good moral character; 2. The development of the mental faculties, by frequent lectures, full illustrations, and a practical application of all the exercises; and lastly, the inculcation of habits tending to success and happiness in life.

The plan of studies required is embraced in a full course, usually pursued at the Colleges, viz: the Greek, Roman and English Literature; Mathematics, through its various departments; Philosophy, History, Chemistry, &c. &c., with the French Language, Vocal Music, Drawing, &c.

Any person possessing the above qualifications, by applying to the subscriber, will meet with prompt attention.

J. BREITENBACH, Secretary, &c.
Myerstown, Pa. April 18th, 1842. ap 23-3t

IMPORTANT TO THE DEAF.—We commend to the particular attention of those desirous of having their hearing restored, "Scarpa's Oil for Deafness." We hear it highly spoken of by those who have used it, and who, of course, know its value.—*Daily Chronicle.*

Country merchants and druggists, who are in want of Scarpa's Compound Kreosote Acoustic Oil, a medicine that is a certain cure for Deafness and Diseases of the Ears, can obtain the preparation by sending their orders to their friends in this city, or to D. Jayne, No. 20 south Third street, or H. C. Blair, corner of Eighth and Walnut, who have the medicine at wholesale or retail.

Price $10.00 per dozen, or $1 for a single bottle. Terms cash. Letters must be post paid. ap 23 tf

SPRING Villa Seminary for Young Ladies, at Bordentown, N. J.—The duties of this Seminary will be resumed on Monday, the 25th inst.

The advantages of Bordentown, as a place fitted for the establishment of schools, are not surpassed by any in the whole country. Situated on the Delaware, and 80 feet above its level, it is proverbial for health. It has also the advantage of being accessible by steamboats and railroad five times daily from Philadelphia, and twice from New York. The buildings at Spring Villa were erected by the subscriber, and are equal to any similar establishment in the country. The system of government pursued in this Seminary is both mild and firm, and the course of instruction comprises all the branches that constitute a sound and polite education.

Terms—For board, lodging, washing, lights and fuel, and tuition in all the English branches, $160 per year, payable semi-annually in advance.

The French, Spanish, and Latin languages, Music, Painting and Drawing, &c. are taught by experienced teachers. The French is used, as soon as practicable, in the tuition of other branches.

Applications for admission may be made either personally or by mail, to (ap 16-3t*) A. N. GIRAULT, Principal.

PAPER HANGINGS.—JOHN FINN, Manufacturer and importer of Paper Hangings, No. 172 Chesnut street above Fifth street, offers for sale a new and an extensive assortment of Fresco, Velvet and Gold Papers for drawing-rooms, plain Satin ditto, Hall Papers, dining room, chambers, &c. at the lowest possible prices. Common Papers for retailing as low as 25 cents per piece.

Paper Hangers whose work will be warranted always in attendance. JOHN FINN,
ap 16-tf Chesnut street opposite the State House.

TO TAILORS.—F. MAHAN announces to his patrons and the community in general, that the Reports and Plates of Fashions for Spring and Summer of 1842 are published and ready for delivery to subscribers and others. The Reports contain correct drafts for the various kinds of coats, vests, pantaloons, Lady's Habit, &c. &c. including Gay Quaker or Friends coat, Military drafts with explanations and descriptions of the uniform and dress of the army, comprising the Maj. General commanding the army, all other Maj. Generals, Brigadier General, officers of the General Staff, Aide-de-camp, &c. &c. according to the latest arrangements. The plate contains sixteen figures in the most fashionable costume, two of which are military figures, viz. a Maj. General of the U. States Army, and the Captain of the Union Fencibles, having their uniform exhibited according to the latest arrangements.

Inch Measures and Tailors Crayons of a superior quality at wholesale and retail. (ap 9-3t) No. 215 Chesnut street.

FEMALE BEAUTY—CULPABLE NEGLECT!! It has been observed by visitors from all other countries, as well as by persons of the best cultivated taste in this, that in no country is there a larger share of female beauty and excellence than in this city. Yet, while the shoe-fitter, dress-maker and milliner, are engaged in adorning "nature's best gift to man," one part appears almost totally neglected—THE HAIR. How frequently do the ravages of disease lay waste the delicate form of the fair and beautiful, and though restored again to health, yet those flowing locks which once adorned their heads fall off, and never again returns to their original beauty. It is inconceivable how any person, more especially a lady, can manifest so much neglect on this point, when a "NEVER FAILING REMEDY" can be obtained by calling at No. 20 South THIRD street, Philadelphia, and asking for Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, which will perfectly restore this only neglected part of female ornament.

What is a dollar or two to complete the crowning point of female beauty? jan 29-3m

JUST RECEIVED, a splendid assortment of IRISH LINENS,
Damask Table Diapers,
do. do. Cloths,
do. do. Napkins,
Long Lawns,
Barnsley and Irish Sheetings.
Purchasers are invited to examine them.
JOHN WILLIAMS,
jan 29 6m No. 286 North Second near Noble street.

THE MUSICAL MISCELLANY No. 6.—The most elegant musical publication in the world.

CONTENTS OF NO. 6.

MARY OF ARGYLE—A much admired Scotch song—written by Ch. Jeffreys—composed by S. Nelson.

FLOW ON THOU SHINING RIVER—Arranged for the guitar.

LE DESIRE—A favorite waltz composed by Beethoven.

HAPPY LAND—Tyrolienne, sung by Madame Caradori Allan—composed by J. F. Rimbault.

RUSSIAN MARCH—Arranged for the piano forte.

Single numbers, price 12½ cents.

Subscription $2.50 per volume (20 numbers) in advance.

BURNS & CO.
No. 164 South Second street.

LIFE! LIFE!! LIFE!!!—"All that a man hath will he give for his life"—so we find it recorded in the most ancient and best of books, but when we see thousands dying all around us, with Consumption, Croup, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Spitting Blood, and other pulmonary affections, we are led to doubt the correctness of the above assertion, especially since it is so well known that a certain remedy may be obtained, which always arrests those diseases.

Dr. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT never fails to give relief, and cures after every other means have failed. This can be, and has been proven in thousands of instances, where it has effected radical cures, after the patient had been given up by all his friends and physicians. This valuable Expectorant is prepared only by Dr. JAYNE, No. 20 South THIRD st. Phila. jan 29 3m

STAMMERING CURED, and Instruction given in ELOCUTION by *Dr. A. Comstock, No. 100 Mulberry street, Philadelphia.* nov 20 1y*

WM. W. FOUCHE, Dentist, No. 79 North Sixth street, below Race street, where all operations appertaining to *Dental Surgery* will be performed on the most modern and approved principles, and on terms perfectly satisfactory.

Fouche's Vegetable Tooth Powder, and Gum Restorative, for the cure of scurvy and removal of all extraneous substances from the teeth, price 25 cents a box. nov 1 1y

SILVER PLATE, SPOON AND FORK MANUFACTORY, *South West corner of Fifth and Cherry streets.* The subscribers have constantly on hand, a handsome assortment of SILVER Plate, Spoons, Forks, and every article belonging to the silversmith business or manufactured to order in the neatest and best manner, or to match any pattern given, at the lowest manufactured prices.

Persons who wish to purchase, are requested to call at their manufactory, where they will find work not surpassed in the city, for neatness, taste and elegance of finish.

☞ A supply of the best Sheffield and Birmingham Plated Ware, of their own importing, kept constantly on hand, and made expressly to their order.

nov 1 '39—tf S. & W. WILSON.

WETHERILL & BROTHERS, Chemists and Colormen, manufacturers of White Lead, Lead Pipe, Window Glass, &c. Importers of Drugs, Dyes, Perfumery, Surgical Instruments, Apothecaries Furniture, &c. No. 65 North Front street, two doors below Arch, east side. ap 16-1y

THE OLIO.

Variety's the spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

Song.

BY WOLFE.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be!
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er—
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold and all serene,—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,—
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

Caution.

Caution is a most excellent faculty; and those who are fortunate enough to possess it keep out of divers and innumerable difficulties into which men rush who have not that particular bump developed on their cranium. The Scotch are proverbially a cautious people, and we believe that no injustice is done to them in the classification.

A witness was yesterday giving testimony in the case of the State *vs.* Hosey Barker. From his account it was evident he came "*fra yont the Tweed.*" The prisoner's counsel questioned him as to the veracity of the principal witness for the State, Jacob Barker. The cannie Scot was about to reply to it in an indirect manner but the District Attorney told him he should directly say he would or would not believe him on oath. The witness looked significantly at the jury, and then at the judge, and addressing the latter functionary he said, "wull your honor tel me if I can be prosecuted for ony thing I say?"

"You cannot," answered the Judge.

"Then I wadna believe his oath," said the witness.

The incident caused general laughter in the court.

Too Good to be Lost.—An old miser in New England, owning a farm, found it impossible one day to do his work without assistance, and accordingly offered any man food for performing the requisite labor. A half starved pauper hearing of the terms, accepted them. Before going into the fields in the morning, the farmer invited his help to breakfast: after finishing the morning meal, the old skin flint thought it would be saving time if they should place the dinner upon the breakfast. This was readily agreed to by the unsatisfied stranger, and the dinner was soon despatched. "Suppose, now," said the frugal farmer, "we take supper; it will preserve time and trouble, you know?" "Just as you like," said the eager eater, and at it they went. "Now we will go to work," said the satisfied and delighted employer. "No, thank you," replied the delighted laborer, "I never work after supper."

Piscatory.—The following capital toasts were lately drank at a pic-nic fishing celebration, on the banks of one of the "lochs," which are so frequently met with in our New England states.:

The Fair Sex—The handsomest and sweetest fish in creation: may they never be taken by a dandy or any other artificial fly.

The Girls we love—
Slimmer in form, and delicate as a trout,
May no true angler find his own a pout.

☞ A gentleman in New Orleans, having played an April trick upon his wife in the morning, was served up in fine style at dinner. He is noted for his partiality for "fritters" as light desert, and on this occasion, after he had tried for ten minutes to chew one, nicely "sauced over" and "fried brown," he found they were made of *thin layers of cotton that had been dipped in "butter."* We call that "doing him *brown*."

☞ A person fond of possessing trifles that had belonged to great men, was boasting to a friend that he had a snuff-box that was Napoleon's, and a ring that was worn by George the Fourth. "I have no snuff-boxes or rings that have ever been in such company," replied the friend, "but I have a *Mask* of Milton's, and Lord Byron's *Cain*."

☞ Dr. ——, of the army, remarked the other day, speaking of his brotherhood, "that though not actually called upon to expose themselves in battle, he presumed that there were none of them who did not stand ready, whenever occasion required it, to *bleed for their country*."

☞ The following is an impromptu on the fine of 5s. lately inflicted on a schoolmaster at Rye, England, for kissing a lady's lips against her consent:

The *fare of a buss* at the most is a shilling;
But the *buss* is a crown if the *fair* be unwilling.

☞ Dr. Eliza Bliss, Jr., has escaped from the custody of the Sheriff of Johnson county, Iowa, by whom he had been arrested on seven indictments—the crimes are not mentioned in the Iowa papers. We presume he be may be styled *unheard of Bliss!*

☞ A Judge once said in a court of law, "Keep silence there! it is very strange one cannot have silence! Here we have been deciding God knows how many cases, and have not heard one word of them."

☞ "My dear, I believe your lamp went out before I got home last night," remarked a gentleman to his lady at breakfast. "True," replied the lady, "but then you know the sun was up." Nothing more said.

☞ Two exquisite rascals had one calf between them; each stole it from the other and put his own "brand" upon it *so often* that in two days they *completely burnt the poor animal up*.

☞ "What's the cause of that bell ringing?" inquired Peter.

"It is my deliberate conviction that somebody is pulling the rope!" replied John.

☞ "A Blacksmith" writes to the Boston Post, that he is amused to see how anxious almost every man appears to be for the *reform* of his neighbor, being *perfectly satisfied with himself*.

☞ "Why is a man helped to 'bear's meat,' like a manufacturer of ale?" "Give it up." "Because he has *taken to Bruin*."

The Post says that.

☞ Why, said a cockney to his friend, has Dickens written better than Shakspeare or Milton, eh? Give it up? Because, although they both wrote well, Boz has written "Weller."

☞ Why is a drunken fellow supporting himself against the wall of a house like the law for the protection of carpenters and masons? Because he is a *lean* on the building.

☞ "Dick, when does a man feel like a monarch?" "Like a monarch?" "Yes, a monarch." Dick scratched his head. "When he's *a-king*, (a king,) you gudgeon."

☞ "I see the villain in your face," said a western judge to a prisoner at the bar. "May't please your honor, that must be a personal reflection."

☞ The reptile in human form should be avoided; care may rub out the slime of a snail, but not the slime of a slanderer.

☞ "You're ingrain," remarked a miller to a heap of wheat. And "you're a flowery subject," was the prompt reply.

☞ Whether we go backward or forward, to the right hand or to the left, every step we take is a step towards the grave.

☞ Why would the ancient sculptors have made eminent modern bankers? Because they were first rate chiselers.

☞ "I'm a bill-sticker by trade," as the Musquito said ven they asked him what he followed for a livin.

☞ "Steeped in gilt," as the storekeeper said when a chap passed a counterfeit gold piece upon him.

☞ When is a lady guilty of petty larceny? When she's *hooking* another's gown.

☞ "I'm blow'd if I go out," as the candle said to the feller as vas goin to bed.

☞ "I hope you are good tempered," as the barber said when honing a razor.

☞ "I, too, come from *Grease*," as the doughnut said.

From the London World of Fashion for April.

The Murderer's Fetch.

"Nunquam manifestiora prodigia."—*Horat.*
"That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so high."—*Shakspeare.*

"You may talk as long as you like, boys, but the devil a bit of me will find Tim Mooney guilty of the murder. So, you see, if you're not for '*quitting* him, here I'll stay till doomsday, or twelve o'clock to-morrow night. To be sure, I know, this is the first time I was on a jury; but I'm sworn as well as the rest of you; and no man, I tell you, will persuade me out of my sober senses. So *quit* Tim Mooney of the murder, I tell you, or I'll starve you all till you are as thin as whipping-posts, or a poor friar after a black lent."

"But listen to me, Mr. O'Brien," said a withered old descendant of a Cromwellian trooper, who for his *loyalty* in cutting off a king's head had been rewarded with six hundred acres of the gold-vein of Tipperary, where the scene occurred. "Listen to me, Sir. You know the judge has told us, that there is the strongest possible evidence against the prisoner. What are the facts of this case? A highly respectable gentleman of this county, a Protestant and a magistrate—a very efficient magistrate, too, in the *rising* of '98—"

"Not a doubt of it," answered O'Brien; "the same gentleman whipped the life out of my washerwoman, for wearing green garters; he put a pitch cap upon my ploughman for singing *Shaun Van Vor*; he transported three of my cousin's *boys*, because he found as many numbers of the "*Press*" in their bed-rooms; and he tied up my neighbor, Mr. Burgess, and gave him six hundred lashes, because that gentleman had a French letter in his pocket, which your efficient magistrate was not able to read! If you call that activity, 'faith, there wasn't a more active magistrate alive, than the man that's dead."

"Hear, me, Mr. O'Brien. No doubt, the unfortunate gentleman, in the excess of his loyalty, committed some mistakes; and it is human to commit error, Mr. O'Brien. But now, Sir, only recollect the facts of this case. A *Protestant* gentleman, recollect that, Mr. O'Brien."

"Oh, I know I am the only Papist on the jury; but do you think that, for all that, if I considered Tim Mooney had murdered the gentleman, I would not be ready to find him guilty?"

"And what makes you think otherwise, Mr. O'Brien? Here, I say, a Protestant gentleman is known, on the night of Friday, the fourteenth day of November, to have dined with the worthy, pious, and exemplary Rector of Thurles, upon a leg of mutton, bacon and chickens, a rib of beef, and a suet pudding."

"Better luck could not happen him, when he could have got a cut of salmon. Eating meat on a Friday never yet came to good, and so your mother could tell you, Mr. Foreman."

"I expect, Mr. O'Brien, you will not upbraid me with the misfortune of my mother being a Papist. But to proceed, Sir. After dinner, this worthy and respectable gentleman only took two bottles of port and six tumblers of punch, which you know would not disturb the intellects of any individual."

"Not a bit, not a bit," answered O'Brien; "that was only a fair share of what any man ought to take."

"Well, Sir, the lamented gentleman proceeded at a *sober*, discreet pace on his return home, as far as the turn of the road at Holycross. In that direction three persons are seen walking; two of them are unknown; but it was sworn distinctly, by four witnesses, that the third was Tim Mooney."

"No, no, Mr. Foreman; but like to Tim Mooney."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. O'Brien; one of them said most distinctly that it was positively Tim Mooney."

"But did he swear he spoke to IT?"

"No; not that I recollect, Mr. O'Brien."

"Oh! if he did, and that Tim Mooney answered him, then it would be a very different thing indeed. But go on, Sir."

"Well, Mr. O'Brien, these three men that are seen on the road are remarked to have what appears to be bludgeons, or short guns, under their coats. In a quarter of an hour afterwards a discharge of three guns is heard at the turn of Holycross; in a few minutes after a man, said to be very like Mooney, is seen running in that direction of the country where his cabin is known to be. Well, Sir, the noise of the firing attracts the attention of the police, and they find upon the road our late lamented friend weltering in his blood, killed by three gun-shot wounds, one in the head, and two in the body. The police constable hears the fact respecting Mooney, and he determines not to go to his house until night. He there finds him in bed, and in his pocket a purse the property of the deceased, and which was seen in his possession the very day he was murdered. Now, Mr. O'Brien, combining all these circumstances together, how is it possible you can come to the conclusion that Mooney is not a murderer? I have been a juror on many trials, and I never saw a case more satisfactorily proved."

"Oh, as to that, Mr. Foreman, I believe you have, in your time, had the pleasure of hanging twelve or fourteen men. Now, I never hung a man yet, and, I give you my oath, I wont begin with Tim Mooney."

"Why so, Mr. O'Brien?"

"I'll tell you; but you have stated all that was against the man. Now recollect the character for sobriety and good behaviour he got from his parish priest; next, his father (and do you think they'd tell you a lie;) his mother, and his brother, and his sister, told you that he had not been from home since four o'clock in the day, and the murder did not take place till near five; and his sister told you, that he said to her, when he came home at three, that he had found a purse upon the road; and mind that, though the murdered gentleman's servant said he saw the purse with his master in the morning, no one could swear they saw it with him at the Rector's. Now, when I put all these things together, and mind that it was only the likeness of Tim Mooney that was seen at the murder, why then, all you can say from this till to-morrow morning, will not convince me that Mooney is a guilty man. Come, lads, don't think you can starve me out of my notions. You know I am a Roman Catholic, and I am therefore more used to fasting than any of you; and let us see which of us will first get tired of being hungry. Besides, I have a bottle of whiskey in my pocket, and not a drop of it will I give to one of you, till you agree with me to acquit that innocent creature that stands shivering and shaking out in the dock there, like an old scare-crow in a corn-field on a windy day."

"Good heavens! Mr. O'Brien, you are enough to set a man mad. Did they not swear it was Mooney committed the murder?"

"No, but they said it was *something* very like him."

"If it was not Mooney, who was it?"

"Who was *it?* What was *it?* Can't you tell?"

"No."

"Oh! then I can; I'd take my oath on the Bible, as it was not Mooney, it was *his fetch*."

"His what, Mr. O'Brien?"

"*Tim Mooney*, his fetch. Did you never hear of a fetch? If you didn't you must be very ignorant; for a fetch, we all know, is something that the devil sends in the way of a creature, to be the mortal image of a man that knows nothing about it; and a fetch may appear in a place, when the real person that it is like is a thousand miles off."

"And so your reason for not finding Mooney guilty is, that you believe that it was his fetch that was seen at the murder?"

"Exactly."

"Oh! Mr. O'Brien, this is monstrous. I have heard of such superstitions among the lower orders of the people; but I never expected to hear of them in the jury-box. Really, Sir, you cannot be serious; and if you persist in avowing this as your only reason for not agreeing with your fellow jurors in not convicting the prisoner, I must mention the matter to the judge."

"Do as you like, Mr. Foreman; for I don't care one curse for the judge. But before you complain of me, just listen, and see whether any one has a better right than I have to believe in fetches. I am boys—gentlemen of the jury, I believe I should call you—you all know, the son of a decent, respectable farmer, who made his money by driving hard bargains at fairs. My father, O'Gorman O'Brien, was the son of an old Irish gentleman, who didn't leave him sixpence; but told him he had a title to some of the best lands in this county—a title, by-the-bye, that has been quite *unsettled* by the *Act of Settlement*—worse bad luck to them that agreed to it. Well, my father being nothing of a gentleman, determined, instead of turning a *White*-boy, to become a cow-boy, and a pig-boy, and a horse-jockey; and, by the time he was forty-five years of age, he was worth about half as many thousand pounds; and he bought me a little property, which I still own, and to secure it the better he resolved to get a wife and children. Now, mind, I have this story from my *only* mother, Lord rest her soul in glory! She was in love with a neighbor's son, a boy about her own age, that is two-and-twenty, and they were to be married at Christmas; when what should she do of a Holly Eve (Hallowtide Eve,) but, out of tricks, dip her petticoat in a running stream, in the devil's name, and hang it up at the fire to dry, well knowing that she would see her intended husband come and turn it. She sat up till twelve o'clock; and as the hour struck upon a cuckoo-clock in the chimney corner, instead of seeing a tall, handsome young fellow walk in, that ought to have been my father, what should she see, but a bandy-legged, pudgy, potatoe-faced, kidney nosed, stout little lump of a man walk in, jingling ha'pence in his pocket, step over to the fire, take out his little dudeen of a pipe from a red waistcoat pocket, put tobacco in it, and begin smoking, and, while he was doing so, turn up the flaps of his coat, and when he had warmed himself very well, take my poor darling mother's petticoat, turn it upside down, and then, having taken off his little bag-wig, make a bow at her with his bald head, and hobble leisurely out of the place. *That*, now, was the fetch of my real father; and my mother never saw him till a fortnight afterwards, when, knowing that he was to be her husband, and that he had plenty of money, she resolved to marry him. After that, who will tell me that I am not to believe in fetches?

"That now is only one reason why I should believe in fetches; but I will tell you another. When I was a mere chap of a boy, I remember the ploughman Thady O'Ryan—the same man that had the pitch cap put upon him, by the gentleman that is murdered for singing *Shaun Van Vor*—telling me that, a month before General Humbert landed in this country, in the year 1798, as he was out in my father's paddock, giving the cattle a drink, he saw the entire of the French forces drawn up at the end of a field. He could describe every man of them. There were the grenadiers, with hairy caps upon them, at least four feet high, and whiskers that reached up to their waists, and mustachoes upon their upper lips that reached down to their middle; and guns six feet long, with bayonets two feet long at the ends of the guns, and points on the bayonets all as sharp as needles. He saw the cavalry, too, with horses near as big as elephants, and men mounted on them the size of oaves, and having spears six yards long at least, and being made all of steel that could skiver an entire sergeant's guard, as easy as you would truss a parcel of sparrows on a spit. He saw also the artillery, with guns as big as an oak tree, and balls that were twice the size of the cannon; and, after all these, he saw General Humpert, surrounded with all his officers, every one of them covered from the head to the foot in green uniforms, green feathers, green caps, green coats, green pantaloons, green boots, and green spurs, and with long green pipes in their mouths, smoking away the very best of tobacco. After they marched by he saw them followed by the yeomen, and a great fight took place between them; and when the cannons began firing, he saw legs, and heads, and arms, and boots, and spurs, and swords, and bayonets, flying up like wildfire in the air, that you would not know whether there was a greater riot in the elements, or on the green sod. He also saw, in the middle of the fight, Colonel O'Trickster, running away without hat, sword, coat, or shoes, and the soldiers running after him to tell him, *he* had won the victory. Now who is there here will dare to say, that is not the fact; and if it is, surely I ought to believe in fetches?"

"But is this all I have to say to you, to show you that I ought to believe in fetches? that is, in fact, that I should sooner think I knew what I saw myself, than what others told me they had seen. It is not more than a twelvemonth since, that I had a parcel of potteen hid in the end of my garden. I had it buried, to tell you the truth, in a place where I knew there was not a gauger in Tipperary would be able to nose it out. Now, nobody knew where that was hid, but my groom, Paddy Kelly, and his sister, Bridgeen, who, by the by, is as tidy a little girl as ever made a pot of stir-about. Well, a short time after the potteen was buried, I remember that it was going, bottle by bottle, without my drinking it. So, one day that I was talking on a little particular business to Bridgeen, I remarked to her about the potteen; and, 'faith,' says I, 'if it isn't the *good people* the faries that is fond of *good spirits*, but a real Christian, I am thinking, Bridgeen, that I'll put a few *swan-drops* in them, for the drops of the whiskey they are taking.' 'Do, Sir,' says Bridgeen, 'and serve the blackguards right; but I hope it mayn't be the fetch of any one of the family.' 'Fetch, or no fetch,' said I, 'I'll *fetch* them out of that, for a shot I will certainly have at them." That very instant I went and loaded my gun with a large charge of the lead drops. I had business out in the course of the day; and after dinner I planted myself at my bedroom window, with a tumbler of potteen on one side of me, and the fowling-piece on the other. I believe I dozed a little; for I don't know how it happened, I never remarked anything till I heard a slight noise; and what should I see, on starting up, but a man stooping over my potteen hole at the end of the garden; then I saw, too, the necks of two potteen bottles sticking out of the ends of his pocket, and he having a third in his fist. 'Faith,' said I, to myself, 'whoever you are, my boy, I'll give you something to warm your next drop of punch. You know I am a pretty good shot. I aimed deliberately at the man, and fired. May be you think he fell? Not at all; but bolt upright stood the fetch! for it was a fetch, and what's more, it was the fetch of Paddy Kelly! It turned round its face at me, laughed, cracked its fingers at me, and then, putting a bottle of potteen to its lips, nodded at me as much as to say, 'When you shoot next, Mister O'Brien, shoot at something you can hit.' After that, will you say to me, that I am not to believe in fetches? But I tell you that I will do so; and that nothing you or the old judge out there will say to me, will persuade me that it was anything more than Tim Mooney's fetch that was at the murder."

"Oh! Mr. O'Brien, this is absurd—grossly absurd! Is there no chance of your agreeing to a verdict of guilty against the prisoner?"

"Not the slightest. I'll stay here till I starve before I hang an innocent man."

Such was the conversation which passed in the jury-room. In the meanwhile the judge cast many sorrowful—perhaps they might be described crocodile—looks at the prisoner. When half an hour had passed, the black cap was drawn out, and laid upon the bench before him. The miserable wretch standing in the dock caught a glimpse of it; and any slight hopes he might hitherto entertained, vanished away. A sickening of the heart came over him; the blood ran in an icy chill through his frame, as he leant for support against the bar. The world and all its vanities seemed to scatter like a summer cloud, before the bright rays of an eternal futurity, which came bursting upon his view. The prisoner himself became anxious for the closing of the fatal scene, and to hear that ominous word pronounced which was to cut him off from the living.

Another half hour expired, and there was no appearance of a jury. The judge, who was to dine with the bar, became impatient: for he knew there was an excellent turbot to be on the table at seven—and he was anxious to save the prisoner from further suspense. Actuated by such humane considerations, he directed the jury to be called in, and asked them if there were anything in the case which required explanation from him, or from any of the witnesses that had been examined.

The Foreman answered, they were all agreed as to the facts of the case, but—and here he was seen to whisper to the Judge. The eyebrows of his lordship were observed to rise in the most dignified surprise; they were elevated still further, and at last the topmost extreme of their dark arches were hid under the powdered wig. The exclamations of "pis!" "nonsense!" and "gross absurdity!" were heard to issue from his lips. Then there was beckoned to the bench a stout, dark, beetle-browed, dogged-looking man. He and his lordship were remarked to strike the bench vehemently with their clenched hands. Neither, it was evident, had convinced the other and as the juror walked back to his box, he was heard to say "*It was nothing but a fetch*," while his lordship said in an equally audible tone of voice, "*Not fit to be a juror!*"

To every person in court, including the unhappy prisoner, this scene was inexplicable; and as the judge ordered the jury to be sent back to their room, and the prisoner recommitted to his cell for the night, the latter experienced the warmth of hope, and that Life was again alluring him back to taste of her troubles and her pleasures.

The next morning the jury were again called into court, and the prisoner was again placed at the bar. The judge looked at the jurors; he saw before him eleven men worn down with fatigue, jaded with watching, and wasted with hunger. There was one alone who appeared fresh and vigorous as the moment he was first sworn; it was the beetle-browed, dogged-looking man; he with whom his lordship had the angry colloquy the night before. It was Mr. O'Brien, who told him that he could not get his "brothers" to agree, and suggested that his lordship ought to reprimand them for their obstinacy!

The judge ordered the Sheriff to discharge the jury, and as he did so, particularly directed that Mr. O'Brien should never be summoned as a juror. He who believed in "the murderer's fetch" left the court with the resolved air of a martyr, consoling himself with the thought that he had saved himself the expense of many a weary journey to the assize town. His triumph did not end there. Tim Mooney was in a few months afterwards discharged by proclamation, and the real murderer of "the efficient magistrate" executed.

"After that," said O'Brien, the obstinate juror, "who in the world will not believe in fetches!"

W. B. M.

The Credit System.—In Barre, Massachusetts, says the Gazette, a lady with a sweet face and remarkably tempting pair of lips, entered one of our shops a few days since, and after examining some small articles, inquired the price of a nice pair of mitts. The shopkeeper had almost lost himself in gazing at the ruby portals through which came the little musical voice. "Miss," said he, "you may have them for a kiss." "Agreed," replied the lady, the blush on her cheek eclipsed by the sparkle in her eye; "agreed, and as I see you give credit here, you may charge it on your book and collect it in the best way you can!" Smiling enough on the confused clerk to pay half the debt, she pocketed the purchase, and tripped gaily on.

The Quiet Mind.

BY CLARE.

Though low my lot, my wish is won,
My hopes are few and staid;
All I thought life would do is done,
The last request is made
If I have foes, no foes I fear,
To fate I lived resigned;
To have a friend I value here,
And that's a quiet mind.

I wish not it was mine to wear
Flush'd honor's sunny crown;
I wish not I were Fortune's heir,—
She frowns, and let her frown.
I have no taste for pomp and strife,
Which others love to find:
I only wish the bliss of life—
A poor and quiet mind.

The trumpet's tount in battle-field,
The great man's pedigree,—
What peace can all their honors yield!
And what are they to me!
Though praise and pomp, to eke the strife,
Rave like a mighty wind;
What are they to the calm of life—
A still and quiet mind?

I mourn not that my lot is low,
I wish no higher state;
I sigh not that Fate made me so,
Nor tease her to be great.
I am content—for well I see
What all at last shall find,—
That life's worst lot the best may be,
If that's a quiet mind.

I see the world pass heedless by,
And pride above me tower;
It costs me not a single sigh
For either wealth or power:
They are but men, and I'm a man
Of quite as great a kind,—
Proud, too, that life gives all she can,
A calm and quiet mind.

I never mocked at beauty's shrine,
To stain her lips with lies;
No knighthood's fame or luck was mine,
To win love's richest prize:
And yet I've found in russet weed,
What all will wish to find,
True love and comfort's prize indeed,
A glad and quiet mind.

And come what will of care or wo,
As some must come to all;
I'll wish not that they were not so,
Nor mourn that they befall:
If tears for sorrows start at will,
They're comforts in their kind;
And I am blest, if with me still
Remains a quiet mind.

When friends depart, as part they must,
And love's true joys decay,
That leave us like the summer dust,
Which whirlwinds puff away:
While life's allotted time I brave,
Though left the last behind;
A prop and friend I still shall have,
If I've a quiet mind.

From the Lady's World of Fashion for May.

The Male Flirt.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"Have you seen Mrs. Gordon since she returned from Europe?" said James Ewing to his friend Henry Alford, as the stood on the steps of the Astor House, "Her widowhood has not impaired her charms; she is even more beautiful than when she left here two years ago."

"Indeed!—and she has returned, I presume, immensely rich. Her husband was, you know, a millionaire."

"Yes! he died but a short week after they landed at Havre, leaving her all his immense wealth. He will be a fortunate man who wins the widow; and she already has crowds of suitors. If I remember aright, Harry, you once had a sort of flirtation with her, and I was one among those who thought you, rather than the rich Powell, the favored one. Why, in the deuce, didn't you persevere?"

"I was too poor," said Alford, with a shrug of the shoulders, "and she was no richer. It would have been madness to marry."

"Then why did you pay her such attention?" asked Ewing in some surprise, "for many months you were constantly by her side. I always thought that some little difference—a lover's quarrel you know—had separated you, and that each was too proud to make any advances subsequently."

"Let us step into my room, and I will tell you. Egad, it's a wonder you haven't seen the truth long ago. I thought you knew more of the world."

The two companions were soon seated in Alford's room when he began:

"Emily Maxwell was, you know, a splendid girl. But she was poor. I saw and admired her. Yet my circumstances would not permit me to marry. Now young fellows like myself, who have access to good society and are yet without the means to support a wife, must either fly the company of the dear creatures altogether, or else indulge in what I call innocent flirtation—"

"Innocent!"

"Yes! *innocent*—why, my dear fellow, you start as if a bomb had rolled under your chair, you needn't be so alarmed at my words. All I mean to say is this—that, because one can't marry one isn't therefore to be deprived of love, I don't mean exactly your *serious* love, but a sort of half real half jesting feeling, such as one experiences toward a girl he is flirting with. You talk with her, walk with her, read with her, sing with her, and in short pay her pretty devoted attention for a while, but when you find you are in danger of getting seriously in love, then you back out, and seek some new beauty to flirt with. One may thus have all the little excitements of a courtship—the pique, the soothing, the flattered vanity, the one particular angel to whom you chat in a half whisper—without the danger of involving your honor by an engagement—"

"But surely there *is* danger in this, if not to yourself, at least to the lady."

"Oh! no—you are a novice, I see, in these matters. The lady has the sense to see that you are *only* flirting, since you never seriously make love to her—that is you do not tell her you love her, for when a man does that, I hold he is as much bound to go forward and marry her as he is to pay a debt of honor. If I promised to marry a girl I would consider it binding, and keep the promise religiously. I have no charity for a scoundrel who breaks an engagement. But these innocent flirtations are different things. Why—what would the world be worth if one couldn't take moonlight walks with the girls, or have some one whom you visited, you know, especially. If you think the matter's getting serious for her, of course you'll back out. Meantime, however, a man's a fool if he don't have some one with whom he is flirting—its better than lemonade, however spicy—it gives one a sort of poetry of feeling, only surpassed by love itself.—and that you know is a luxury to which a poor dog, like most young professional men, cannot indulge."

"And you mean to say that you carried on some such flirtation with Emily Maxwell."

Alford nodded and smiled.

"But have you not often thought that in her case it was carried a little too far? Have you no misgivings of this?"

His companion adjusted his cravat coolly before the glass, as he replied,

"It may be I did. I confess I have had once or twice uneasy thoughts about it; and I certainly *did* think more of Emily than of any other girl I ever met, and on that account may have carried the matter a little too far in her case. But, if so, I've repented it. To be frank, I have never seen a woman since whom I admired as I did her."

His companion made no reply, but looked abstractedly and somewhat mournfully into the grate. A silence of some minutes ensued. At length Alford suddenly looked up.

"Do you believe in first love, Ewing?" he said, "that is, do you think it outlives every subsequent affection?"

"I do."

The conversation again stopped, and both companions fell into another fit of musing. At length Ewing rose and departed. As he left the Astor House he soliloquized with himself.

"I wish that when we were on the subject, I had spoken out to Harry. He is a generous fellow in many things; but on this one point most heartless and unprincipled. He seems, however, to regret his conduct to Mrs. Gordon, and I believe, after all, he talks worse than he acts. He may have been a male-flirt in his comparatively boyish days, but now he surely must have more regard for a woman's feelings than to win her heart by those silent, though seductive attentions of which he speaks, and then desert her, justifying himself by the mockery of not having told her he loved her."

The thoughts which were passing through Alford's mind when he asked his companion if he deemed a first love the most enduring, our readers have perhaps divined. He was thinking if he might not win the widow, and, although her fortune was not without some influence over him, we will do him the justice to say that, at that moment, regret for having tampered with the feelings of the only woman who had touched his heart, was certainly uppermost. He pondered over the subject long after Ewing left him.

"Yes!" he said, rising, "I will woo you now seriously. If you ever really loved me—and I feel that you once did—it will be no very difficult task to kindle old feelings in your bosom; I will throw myself on your kind heart for forgiveness for the wrong I have done you; and—" he paused and said smiling confidently, "we will yet be happy."

Henry Alford was, as his friend had said, of a really noble nature; but alas! it had been sadly corrupted by the world, as his creed on innocent flirtations witnessed. He was, however, good-looking and talented; he had risen to some note in his profession; and it was therefore with no misgivings, or very slight ones, that he sought a renewal of his intimacy with Mrs. Gordon, for the purpose of becoming a suitor for her hand.

If Emily Maxwell had touched his heart, the beautiful widow won his love. Alford had been a visiter at her mansion, but a short time, when he felt that if he had begun his suit as a reparation due to her he had slighted, he now continued it as necessary to his own happiness. Mrs. Gordon was indeed the same as Emily Maxwell, but how immeasurably improved. Not only was her beauty of a more lofty and entrancing character; not only was her intellect expanded and refined; not only was she gifted with accomplishments such as few of her sex could boast *of*; but her heart seemed to have gained a deeper tone from the trials it had undergone—to have been, as it were, chastened and purified in the furnace of affliction. The love of Emily Maxwell would have been pure and deep, but after all only that of a girl; the love of Mrs. Gordon was such as a woman, in all the full maturity of her affections, has to bestow. And Alford felt that, having once possessed the love of the girl, he had a key to the affections of the woman.

In this conviction he daily grew more confirmed. No one visited the proud mansion of Mrs. Gordon, who seemed a more welcome visitant. If she did not blush at his entrance as she would have done eight years before, she welcomed him with a cordiality which there was no mistaking. She sang for him, she promenaded with him, and she danced with him—for who does not dance at twenty-six!—and there was nothing wanting in her demeanor toward him, to assure him of her love, except the absence of that conscious embarrassment in his presence which once characterized her. But then she was a blushing girl, and now she was a calm, collected woman. The difference was everything.

"I will propose for her this very evening," said Alford to himself, about six weeks after he had renewed his visits to her, "she must love me—she does love me—I will beg her forgiveness on my knees, and seal it with a kiss as in former days."

That night the lover found his mistress alone, and in a few minutes was on his knees, offering her his hand and heart. But, when he came to the crisis he could not tell her how he had once abused her love—he could not do so even to sue for her forgiveness.

"Rise," said the widow; but her accents were so calm and passionless, that, for the first time, her lover felt a misgiving of the success of his suit. His fears were increased when he arose and took a seat beside her on the sofa. She did not avert her face, her eyes did not seek the ground, there was no conscious blush on her cheek; but her whole demeanor was as collected as if she was performing the most trivial of her daily household duties. The heart of Alford sunk within him: he felt a pang such as he never experienced before. It was a pang not only of mortified vanity, but of hopeless agonising love.

"Listen to me, Alford," said Mrs. Gordon, "I am not surprised at this—you see I am not—for I have expected it daily for the last fortnight. You start, but recollect I am not as I was when we met in other days. Travel and sorrow and years have made me a different being, have taught me to read the hearts of others as they once read my own. It is unnecessary to refer to our former intimacy at length, but I must do so partially in order to explain my present determination. You know how you sought my society, how you were ever ready with those little attentions that our sex delight to receive, how you modulated your voice to a whisper when you spoke to me and to me alone. You remember all this, and that these attentions continued for months. Are you surprised, therefore, that I learned to love you—deeply, fervently, unreservedly? It is true you gave me no reason, from any words you said, to believe that you loved me; but is not the eloquence of the eye, the voice, the look even more expressive than that of words? Yes! Henry Alford you *knew* I loved you—you intended that I should—and yet you deserted me. You left me without explanation. In the recesses of my own heart I was forced to conceal my agony, for it would have been unmaidenly to confess that I loved one who had never solicited my affections. That six months of agony I would not ask even for an enemy, if one I have! But I outlived it. I was proud, and I would have died with my secret, if on words only had depended its revelation. But my friends saw the truth in my hollow cheek and sunken eye. Yet they said nothing. At length Mr. Gordon, whom I had once refused, sought my hand again. I had no heart to give him it is true, but I yielded to the solicitations of my friends and married him. Of that step I never repented. From the moment when I promised at the altar to be his, I felt it had become my duty to love him alone, and I resolutely discarded from my heart every feeling at variance with my vow. I looked to God, and he enabled me to go through with the work. Do not flatter yourself with the common belief that a first love is never eradicated—the assertion is true only where the object of that love remains pure in the eyes of the lover. Years have passed since I learned to look on you only as on the rest of your sex—yes more, as one whom I *never could* love. You had trifled with, and betrayed me—I could no more confide in your truth. You were not the being my young fancy had painted. And now, Henry Alford, I tell you with as much calmness as I would tell the veriest stranger, that you are nothing to me.

"I will not deny that I might have repelled you at once when you sought again my society. I am no coquette, but I felt it due to my sex to treat you according to the rule on which you have always acted toward us. It was a mere flirtation, perhaps, on your part; I was not bound to suppose you serious until you spoke your love in words. Besides it would have sounded well abroad, that the widow Gordon had refused Mr. Alford before he had proposed—people would, one and all, have sneered at her as a vain, foolish woman. But mark me, I was not blind to the fact that you loved me. You may even regret the past. But for this I care nothing. Think not either that I love another. No other motive dictates my refusal than your conduct to me eight years ago. And now go, Henry Alford, and remember, when you hear or think of me, that I feel no more emotion at your name than I would at that of a stranger."

Paralyzed and confounded, a prey to conflicting emotions of mortification and baffled love, Alford sat, during these words, unable to articulate a syllable. And when, at their conclusion, Mrs. Gordon coldly rose, to intimate that the interview was over, he rose too, and mechanically taking his hat, bowed and left the room. He felt, both from the language and manner of the widow, that expostulation was vain.

That lesson was not lost on Alford. But he never married. Why, our readers, perhaps, can tell.

Mrs. Gordon, a year afterward, was united to a gentleman every way worthy of her, and whom she had learnt fervently to love, ere she surrendered to him her hand.

Such is the history of but one out of hundreds of a class. Reader! have you never met a Male Flirt?

The Mourners.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Low she lies who blest our eyes
Through many a sunny day:
She may not smile, she will not rise,—
The life hath past away!
Yet there is a world of light beyond,
Where we neither die nor sleep;
She is there of whom our souls were fond,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told
In each glance of her glad bright eye;
And she lies pale, who was so bright,
She scarce seemed made to die.
Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
Where the saints their calm watch keep;
That angels are crowning that fair young brow,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice,
Who caught the happy sound;
There was gladness in her very step,
As it lightly touched the ground.
The echoes of voice and step are gone,
There is silence still and deep;
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne,
Then wherefore do we weep?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all,—
And her glossy golden hair!
But though that lid may never wake
From its dark and dreamless sleep;
She is gone where young hearts do not break,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

That world of light with joy is bright,
This is a world of wo:
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
Because we dwell below?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
And one long bright tress we'll keep;
We have only given her back to God,—
Ah! wherefore do we weep?

Pithy.—At a meeting recently held by the People's party in the town of Warwick, Rhode Island, the following preamble and resolution was adopted: "Whereas, we, the citizens of Warwick have not yet been frightened. Therefore *Resolved*, That we *will not be frightened*."

A Beautiful Family.

The following account of a remarkable family in France, celebrated no less for their singular beauty, than for their continued intermarrying, is from the lately published work, by Miss Costello, entitled "Pilgrimage to Auvergne."

During our stay at Montbard, to whose excellent countess and her society we were indebted for much attention and politeness, we accompanied some friends of hers to visit a family in the neighborhood, who are remarkable in many ways, in the first, from their residence at the ancient abbey of Fontenoi; next, from their bearing the names of Mongolfier and Seguin; and lastly for their singular beauty. The head of this family is son to the well known Mongolfier, whose discoveries of the power of balloons have made his name familiar. He has a great many daughters and nieces, married, all of whom live in his house, and each of whom is more or less beautiful. It is a sight to astonish a stranger to see the drawing-room, into which one is ushered, filled by degrees with a crowd of lovely young girls, few of them above twenty, some with one infant, some with several as pretty as their mothers, and to hear that all these are sisters and cousins; they all, it seems, marry relations, some so near as to startle English and Protestant ideas of propriety. One exquisitely lovely young woman—a perfect Houri, with dark eyes, for instance, was the wife of her uncle, the brother of her mother, and the father of her cousin, who was the wife of her brother, and thus her daughter and her sister. This last was also as beautiful as can be conceived, and so young, that when she produced an infant, it appeared almost a fable to consider her as a mother. Another of these nymphs was a widow, with a sweet melancholy expression in her magnificent dark eyes, quite enchanting. The youngest married sister's cousin entered the room with the only single one of the party, not so regularly handsome as the rest, but full of grace, vivacity, and brilliancy. She had a large straw hat, with a blue riband, such as is worn by peasants, thrown negligently over her bright hair, and shading her face, which was all roses and smiles—her shape quite unconfined, as was the case with each, as pliable and waving as a dancing girl, her step like a dryad, her eye like a gazelle; in fact, as the whole party formed into line, and accompanied us through the aisles and cloisters of the abbey, I could not help thinking they looked like a band of young priestesses, chosen for their beauty to officiate at the shrine of some pagan deity, as they walked along with arms entwined around each other, and the charming heads peered over the pretty shoulders, while explanations of all the wonders of their domicile poured from their lips. They all appeared to possess remarkable talent, some for drawing and painting, some for music and singing; and we were delighted, during our long visit, by the evidence given us of the latter accomplishment. One of the finest instruments, by Pepe, I ever heard was touched with consummate skill by her whom I considered the most beautiful of this lovely community of aunt-mothers and wife-nieces.

☞ There is a man in Portland who can never wear a dress coat but once; the skirts always being snapped off by his rapid manner of turning corners. There is another whose nose is so sharp that his neighbors borrow its use when they want a gimblet. And another who is so very near sighted that he has to thrust his head through the columns of a newspaper before he can read it. We don't believe either of these stories.

☞ Never pay a bill upon first presentation—it would look as if you were ostentatious of honesty. At the second time of presenting you may consider about it, and say, "call again." Third or fourth time you may be either not at home or out of money, and should your creditor call a fifth, you have fair reason to be offended at his pertinacity, and not pay the bill at all.

Ladies Department.

Woman's Joys and Sorrows.

Are not her joys equal to her sorrows? Do not her griefs and pleasures bear to each other about the same proportion as those of man? She certainly has, in some instances, a depth and fullness of satisfaction which man never experiences. For proof of this, we need go no farther than the family circle. Some of the severest sufferings of woman are supposed to flow from her domestic relations. A peculiar ordinance of Heaven subjects her to fearful evils in the progress of her house cares and labors. But let these evils be ever so much accounted of, are they not mingled with the highest enjoyments? Do not her domestic delights equal all her sufferings and woes? As a parent, she certainly loves with a devotion to which man is a stranger. Her children are dear to her in proportion to the pain and toil which their being and their comfort may have cost her. She loves them with a devotion which has no parallel in the unsanctified experience of the human heart.

This fervent affection she is placed in circumstances to gratify to the utmost. Home is to her what it is not so strictly to the partner of her bosom—a place of habitation. She has no call to forsake it. She is encumbered with no avocations or business which force her away from this scene of her enjoyments.

Cornelia said, "These are my jewels." The proverb is handed down to successive generations, as though there were something in it to be admired. It may well be admired; but not because the sentiment was peculiar to the Roman matron. She expressed not so much the sentiments of Cornelia as the feelings of the mother. In this instance she was the representative of her sex—the expounder of human nature in the mother's bosom. If she differed from most mothers, it was not in her *feelings*, but in this, that she guarded her *jewels* with successful vigilance, and polished them with judicious skill. So far as affection is concerned, there are few mothers in modern times who would not claim their children as their jewels.

And how gratifying it is to be near our treasures—to abide by those cherished objects which engross our warm affections! This is the mother's happy lot. Her jewels cluster close around her, day by day, and she has but little else to do but entertain herself by communion with these objects of her fond solicitude and love. This repays all her watchings and all her sufferings in their behalf. She may have sacrificed ease for their sakes; but who can estimate the revenue of bliss which the sacrifice procures her, in the form of intense, gratified affection.

Recollection supplies an example. My friend W. buried two lovely children. He had a feeble wife, who, in ordinary circumstances, could scarcely endure with impunity any interruption of one night's repose. When that dread disease, scarlet fever, fell upon one and another of the children, she was roused and nerved to feminine endurance. Night after night, for many long weeks, she watched by the couch of one and then another of the victims, with a strength and perseverance which seemed almost superhuman. The first that died was borne to its burial, when a second, much younger, and in its helpless babyhood, was smitten on her bosom.

"Where best he loved to hide him,
In that dear sheltering spot,
Just there his tender spirit pass'd
To realms of life and thought:
His fond lip never trembled,
Nor sigh'd the parting breath,
When strangely for his nectar'd draught
He drank the cup of death.

Full was thy lot of blessing,
To charm his cradle-hours,
To touch his sparkling fount of thought,
And breathe his breath of flowers,
And take thy daily lesson
From the smile that beam'd so free,
Of what in holier, brighter realms,
The pure in heart must be."

And there it lingered for weeks, fading and withering, and then at last it expired; nor could she, feeble as she was, feel weary while her little one survived. Nay, when its coffin was closed, and as she could no more kiss its pale, cold lip, she was not to be hindered by any persuasion, but must follow it to its burial, and see it laid in the resting place where both, side by side, wait the resurrection.

"No more thy twilight musing
May with their image shine,
When in that lonely hour of love
They laid their cheek to thine.
But now their blessed portion
Is o'er the cloud to soar,
And spread a never wearied wing
Where sorrows are no more;
With cherubim and seraphim
To tread the ethereal plain,
High honor hath it been to thee
To swell that glorious train."

All this while, wherein lay that feeble mother's strength? First in God; but second in the warm glowings of maternal affection, which can endure more than all human sympathies, except those which grace supplies. Sad as is her lot, that mother, should she speak as a philosopher, would testify that her gratification in ministering to her dear children, exceeded the sorrows which their dependance may have cost her, and that, too, without reckoning her transports at the thought of their being sanctified and admitted into paradise.

It is true, as an inquisitive philosophy will have it, that man is seldom called to these offices of long continued vigilance and exposure. But his exemption is two fold; namely, from gratification as well as from endurance. His is not the mother's toil, nor is her rapture his. The two seem inseparably joined. It seems, then, that if woman's domestic sorrows are greater than those which oppress the hardier sex, she is repaid in her superior domestic enjoyments.—*Repository.*

The London Parks.

We are pleased when we behold the affectionate husband lead forth his wife and little ones, catering to-day for the innocent recreation of those who have been his solace and comfort during the busy week; the wife repays with placid looks of motherly content the attentions of her husband; and as the little prattlers make their droll observations upon all they see, their parents interchange smiles of unalloyed delight, which, though we dare not envy, we would wish to share.

How decent and respectable, for example, seems that private gentleman of the Life Guards!—lest any body should cavil at the word *gentleman*, we beg to observe that all the private soldiers of the Life Guards are enlisted as gentlemen, and as such entered on the muster-roll carrying in his arms a chubby infant, although already encumbered with his military appointments, and accompanied by his genteel-looking wife, to whom he pays as sincere, though not such marked attention as he did when he was courting her for his bride; what a fine, manly, soldierly fellow he looks, and good-humored withal; it is difficult to believe that he would not make a good officer, and we regret that our interest with Lord Hill is not sufficient to enable us to recommend him for a commission. Then there is that gentleman in black, sedulously tending the steps of a lovely, prattling girl—alas, we fear he is a widower, for he looks into the face of his little one as if he recognized in her at once an image and a pledge of a dear one he may have lost; then behold that fat and greasy citizen from the east, his frowzy wife and dowdy daughters, all glistening in silks, imitation precious stones, and Brummagem jewelry, satisfied that they have obtained by dint of mere outlay, without the assistance of a particle of taste, the whole art of dress; contrast with them that young lady, dressed conspicuously plain, attended by the thin, erect, white-haired old gentleman in top boots and buckskins; the former is the wealthiest heiress in Europe, and might have purchased the crown of Poland in ages when that bauble was set up for sale, and voted herself a civil list and subsidies afterwards—the latter is one of our most distinguished public characters. Turn we from them to contemplate a modest young man in a brown frock and grey pantaloons, with an umbrella under his arm; you see nothing remarkable about him: probably not, but look at his dogs—dogs that have been painted by Landseer; that gigantic bloodhound, spattered as it were, with gory drops, is worth running a mile to look at; and that exquisitely formed little spaniel of the Blenheim breed—what a love it is! the modest young man, owner of the dogs, is conjectured to be in possession of landed and other income to the amount of between two and three hundred thousand pounds a-year; but it is more than probable that he has no knowledge, even in himself, what is the exact annual value of his vast possessions. Next pass in review before us a *trio* of dapper, smirking 'prentices, with cigars in their cheeks! did you ever see such stunted little miscreants in your life? the smoke of their cigars is much less tolerable than their conceited airs and arrogant assumption; they are evidently out for the day, the counter claiming them for the rest of the week. But how shall we describe the infinite varieties of character and costume that pass before our unwearied eyes? they come like shadows, so depart; they are to us mere apparitions of flesh and blood—the human ephemera of the day; their faces are unfamiliar to us, nor do we ever expect to recognise them on this side of the grave; yet there is pleasure in beholding so many enjoying themselves; and when we reflect that, after all the privilege to stroll through a green field in the spring of their enjoyment, does it not read us a salutary lesson with how little human beings are made happy? Many and many a delightful day have we spent within the precincts of our parks in contemplative recreation; nor, until we incur a forfeiture by bad behaviour, are we inclined to exchange their semi-rural pleasures for aught the country has in its power to bestow. Brindley, the celebrated engineer, is reported to have said, that the use of rivers is to feed canals; the country, in like manner, is of use to feed the town. For what do fields whiten with the bending corn? for London; for what do the broad green pastures fatten countless flocks and herds?—for London; for what do ships traverse the stormy main, returning from the corners of the earth with teas, silks, spices, all, in brief, that the never-satisfied vanities of citizens require? for London. London hath stomach for them all.—*Blackwood.*

Russian Serf.

The following is extracted from a lecture delivered by Mr. Dallas, late minister to Russia. It pictures to the life the character of the Russian serf. Of them, there are no less than forty millions, twenty of whom belong to the Emperor Nicholas:—

Imagine a human being covered, we cannot say clothed, in undressed sheepskin, the wool turned inward—that which should be a coat resembling a loose gown, having no collar, and a cape lapped over by a piece of rope or other materials, as a belt around the waist. His neck is uncovered, red, rough, and hard; his beard long, matted and coarse; his mustache hanging down and covering his mouth. He wears a bell-shape cap of woollen stuff, trimmed with dirty fur, and shoes either pieces of hard wood scooped out, or a kind of sock of pebled pliable bark—he has hung at his back a sort of axe or hatchet, and his exterior is altogether harsh, soiled or dirty, and repulsive.

A man thus characterised and habited, suddenly appearing in our streets, or in any part of the country, would awaken at once alarm and pity, as some escaped wanderer from the cells of lunacy or crime. In the moral, mental qualities of the Russian serf, there are mingled traits of good and evil. He is mild and amiable, but imbecile and servile. To the profoundest ignorance and vilest superstition, he unites a Chinese imitation, quickness, and an abject reverential faith in the dogmas of his church. He crosses himself at every flash of lightning, and faces death fearlessly under a priestly promise of paradise. He endures without complaint the most frightful extreme of physical exposure and privation. He is content with a block of wood or stone for his pillow, a plank for his couch, and some black bread and onions for his daily meal. Like our western savage, he yields at every opportunity to allurements of intoxicating drinks. In the presence of power he falls prostrate in the dust, propitiating safety or kindness from his superiors, in the most disgusting servility. Yet, notwithstanding the rigor of his destiny, he is utterly unconscious that there exists happier or fairer regions on the earth. He loves his country with enthusiastic and unbounded ardor, and when fighting his battles abroad he is almost a willing victim to the enemy, in the confident belief that after death, but before he takes his final flight to heaven, he is suffered to visit for three days his native cottage.

Juvenile Department.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Geographical Enigma.

ACROSTICAL.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 19, 10, 15, 12, 3, 3, 12, is a town in France.
My 2, 14, 20, 8, 1 is a town in Independent Tartary.
My 3, 8, 7, 17, 8, is a city in Thibet.
My 4, 12, 21, 18, 12, is one of the Philippine Islands.
My 5, 3, 4, 11, 13, 2, 5, 7, is one of the United States.
My 6, 12, 4, 7, 19, 9, is a county in Virginia.
My 7, 12, 6, 9, 8, 20, is a town in Nubia.
My 8, 3, 4, 12, 9, is a county in Indiana.
My 9, 8, 6, 10, 21, is a town in France.
My 10, 2, 20, 12, 8, is a sea in Asia.
My 11, 6, 6, is a river in Germany.
My 12, 8, 17, 14, 19, 6, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 13, 8, 12, 18, 12, 7, is a town in France.
My 14, 21, 6, 12, is a river in England.
My 15, 8, 20, 1, 5, 7, 2, 9, is a county in Ohio.
My 16, 2, 6, 5, 8, 9, is an island in the Mediterranean sea.
My 17, 8, 14, 5, 3, 3, 8, is a river in Georgia.
My 18, 12, 9, 6, 12, 7, 17, 12, 12, is one of the U. States.
My 19, 1, 12, 9, 2, 10, 2, is a river in S. America.
My 20, 11, 10, 8, 20, 12, 12, 7, is a tribe of Indians inhabiting Missouri Territory.
My 21, 8, 3, 12, is a college in the U. States.
My whole is a celebrated History.
An answer is requested.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Enigma.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 14, 10, 7, 11, 3, is a Lake in Europe.
My 4, 15, 8, 2, 5, 12, is a town in Italy.
My 13, 2, 5, 14, 3, is a town in Asia.
My 6, 14, 12, 10, 11, 6, 15, is a river in China.
My 5, 15, 8, 11, 14, is a river in Africa.
My 16, 12, 10, 16, 2, 16, 7, 7, is a river in the Western States.
My 4, 2, 5, 14, 13, 1, is a town in Illinois.
My 6, 3, 8, 5, 14, 5, 16, is a county in Georgia.
My 13, 2, 5, 14, 10, is a city in Georgia.
My 15, 4, 14, 12, is a town in North America.
My 5, 9, 1, 12, is a town in New York.
My 14, 16, 3, is a river in Europe.
My 9, 13, 7, 3, is a river in Russia.
My 16, 6, 15, 16, 2, 8, is a city in Asia.
My whole is the name of a State in the United States.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Agricultural Enigma.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 2, 5, 6, 7, the farmer must have.
My 10, 16, 3, makes the boy's back ache.
My 12, 11, 7, is an indispensable *animal*.
My 16, 4, the farmer values much.
My 10, 8, 6, is a biped that affords a luxury.
My 10, 1, 15, is a very comfortable article.
My 9, 16, 11, 7, he builds and maintains.
My 15, 10, 13, 2, 14, belongs to his single carriage.
My whole is the name of a statesman whose life and works every farmer's boy should read. TYRO.
Maple-Grove, N. Y.

Farmers Department.

Agricultural Statistics.

By the census returns of 1840, it appears that the *Wheat* crop of the United States amounted to 91,642,957 bushels. This is nearly equal to the average annual crop of Great Britain, which amounts to nearly one hundred millions of bushels. Of the wheat growing States, Ohio is the first—her annual crop being about eighteen millions of bushels. The wheat crop of Pennsylvania amounts to 12,872,219 bushels—that of New York to 12,309,041 bushels. Virginia comes next, and produces about ten millions of bushels. The other principal wheat growing States are, Indiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Maryland, Michigan, and North Carolina.

The number of flouring mills in operation in the United States, as reported by the last census, is 4,364, producing 7,404,562 barrels of flour. The domestic consumption of flour for food is estimated at some ten millions of barrels—or perhaps as high as twelve millions, equal to from forty to sixty millions of bushels of wheat annually. Wheat is also used for making starch to a considerable extent. It is estimated that the cotton manufactories consume 100,000 barrels of flour for this and similar purposes.

The aggregate crop of *Oats* in the United States amounts to more than one hundred and thirty millions of bushels. New York takes the lead in raising this grain—her crop being upwards of twenty-one millions of bushels. Pennsylvania comes next with a crop of more than twenty millions of bushels. Ohio and Virginia come next in order—the one raising about sixteen, the other about thirteen millions of bushels.

But the grain most extensively cultivated in the U. States is *Indian Corn*. The aggregate crop of this valuable grain for the whole Union amounts to 387,380,185 bushels. Tennessee, Kentucky, Ohio, Virginia, and Indiana are, in their order, the greatest producers of this crop. It is also cultivated extensively in Illinois, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Missouri, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, New York, Maryland, Arkansas and the New England States. As an article of food for man and for domestic animals this grain is a highly important staple. The recent discovery that has been made of its capacity to yield excellent oil will no doubt cause it to be still more extensively cultivated, especially in the West.

Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Maryland and North Carolina, are the great *Tobacco growing* States. The culture of tobacco is also making steady progress in Missouri, where the crop of 1841 is estimated at 12,000 hhds. The census returns show an aggregate crop for all the Tobacco growing States of 240,187,118 lbs. Of this, Virginia produced 76,450,192 lbs; Kentucky, 56,678,674 lbs.; Tennessee, 35,168,040 lbs.; Maryland, about twenty-six millions of pounds; and North Carolina, about twenty millions of pounds. The quantity of tobacco exported in 1840 was about 144 millions of pounds. The greater part of this went to England, France, Holland and Germany. If this valuable staple of our soil were admitted on fair terms into foreign ports, the annual export would be much greater than it is at present.

We come now to the *Cotton* crop—the most important of our national products, as it respects our foreign commerce. The great Cotton growing States are in their order Mississippi, Georgia, Louisiana, Alabama, South Carolina, and North Carolina. The crop of Mississippi as reported by the census, amounts to 148,504,395 pounds; that of Georgia, to 116,514,211 pounds; that of Louisiana, to 112,511,263 pounds; Alabama produces upwards of eighty-four millions of pounds; South Carolina nearly forty-four millions, and North Carolina upwards of thirty-four millions of pounds. The aggregate crop of all the cotton growing States is set down at 578,008,473 lbs.

The cotton crop of the United States is more than one half of that of the whole world. The rapid extension of the cotton culture in this country is remarkable. In 1783, eight bales of cotton were seized on board of an American brig, at the Liverpool custom house, because it was not believed that so much cotton could have been sent at one time from the United States. The invention of Whitney's cotton gin gave a great impulse to the growth of the article, and tended to facilitate its introduction into general use, by giving it an easy adaption for manufacturing purposes.

Another important Southern staple is *Sugar*. This is produced chiefly in Louisiana. The annual crop of that State is upwards of eighty-eight millions of pounds. The increase of domestic production in this article has considerably lessened the importation of it. In 1839 the import of sugars was 125,231,273 pounds, at an expense of ten millions of dollars; in 1840 it was about 120 millions of pounds, at an expense of something over six millions of dollars. More than thirty millions of pounds of sugar were produced in 1841 from the maple and beet root, in the Northern, Middle, and Western States.

There are various other articles of agricultural produce to which we have not referred, such as barley, rye, buckwheat, potatoes, hay, flax and hemp, hops, rice, silk, &c.; to which may be added, wool, horses and mules, neat cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, products of the dairy, of the orchards, gardens, &c.—all making a vast aggregate and ministering largely to domestic subsistence.

But in a general view of our great staples, as well as of the minor items of agricultural produce, what a variety is exhibited! Cotton, Tobacco, Sugar, Hemp, Wool—on the one hand adapted to manufacture or to the enjoyments of luxury; and on the other hand, Wheat, Indian Corn, Oats, with Live Stock, for subsistence. Thus one portion of the Union may exchange its products for those of another, and both be gainers by the exchange. In this diversity of pursuits we may recognise a unity of interests; and when the Manufacturing and Mechanical Arts are added, affording employment to multitudes, and furnishing consumers for the agricultural products of the country; when to all these are joined the Commercial classes, from the shipping merchant who trades with the remotest regions beyond the seas, to the retail dealer of the interior—we behold in the industrious avocations of each and all a common bond of harmonious agreement connecting every department of labor in one common and mutual fellowship. The prosperity of one branch of employment, or of one section of the country, must tend to advance the prosperity of other pursuits and of other sections. The producer and the consumer depend on one another; and both prosper or suffer together.—*Balt. American.*

To Protect Fruit from late Spring Frost.

Sir—Many expedients have been resorted to for the protection of fruit from the blighting influence of late frosts. Throwing a sheet over the tree, hanging iron upon it, kindling a fire under it, &c. have each been found to have a beneficial influence, but none have been more efficient than the experiment which I am about to describe.

My friend, Major Ruff, who is a virtuoso, lately informed me that many years ago he saw it stated in a French paper that by throwing a hempen rope over the top of a fruit tree, when in bloom or near the time of blooming, and by letting its lower end touch the ground, the three would thus be protected from the influence of frost. This I thought quite rational and philosophic, I accordingly made the experiment. To prove more fully the *modus operandi* I took two dishes half filled with water, and set them a few feet distant, under the tree, on the night before an expected frost, the tree being nearly in full bloom. Throwing the rope over the top of the tree, I let the other end hang in the water of one of the dishes—the event proved the correctness of the theory. There was a hard frost on the morning of the 27th inst. and the dish into which the rope was deposited, contained ice of the thickness of a dollar, while that in the other dish was scarcely of the thickness of paper.

The philosophy of the above experiment is this: the rope, which was previously wetted, was a conductor of heat; the air, and of course the limbs of the tree, became *colder* in the night than the earth—the rope conducted the heat from the earth to the tree, thus keeping up an equilibrium and preserving the tree from frost.

As far as my observation extends, the critical time for fruit is long before it is in blossom; but it is nevertheless true, that severe and protracted cold at that time, or even later, will destroy the fruit. This was the case last year. The fruit was killed by severe frost after it had been formed.

There is not in my mind a doubt that by attaching a rope to each tree of choice fruit, and thus letting it permanently remain through the winter and spring, that the fruit would be secured from the effects of frost.

To the incredulous and the supercilious, who balance their grist all their lives with a big stone—who, sufficiently wise, despise knowledge and instruction, the above may appear unworthy their attention. Let such be informed that it is not less philosophic than lightning rods attached to buildings to protect them from the influence of electricity.—Let them be informed that

"There are more things in Heaven and Earth
Than their philosophy has ever dreamed of."

W. L. HORTON.

Making a Conquest.—"Tom," said an impudent wag to a conceited fop, "I know a beautiful creature who wishes to make your acquaintance."

"Demn'd glad to hear it—fine girl—struck with my appearance, I suppose, eh?"

"Yes—very much so. She thinks you'd make a capital playmate for her *poodle dog*."